THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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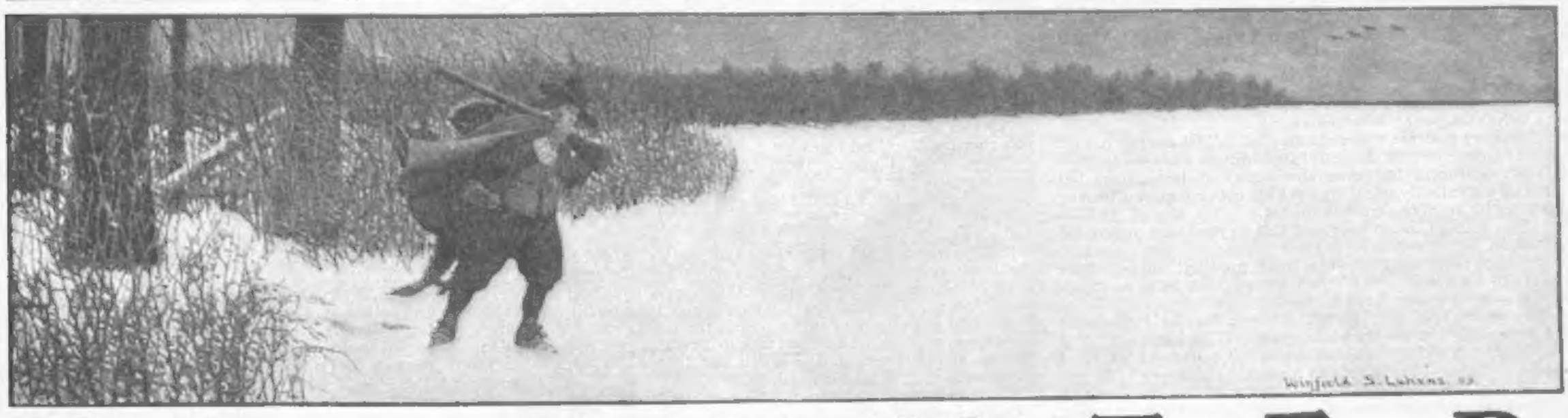
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter



The HUNTER

By Robert W. Chambers

A WARM October was followed by a muggy, wet November. The elm leaves turned yellow but did not fall; the ash trees lighted up the woods like gigantic lanterns set in amber; single branches among the maples slowly crimsoned. As yet, the dropping of acorns rarely broke the forest silence in Sagamore County, although the blue jays screamed in the alders and crows were already gathering for their annual caucus.

Because there had been as yet no frost, the partridges still lurked deep in the swamps and the woodcock skulked, shunning the white birches until the ice-storms in the North should set their comrades moving southward.

There was little doing in the feathered world. Of course, the swallows had long since departed, and with the advent of the blue jays and golden-winged woodpeckers a few heavy-pinioned hawks had appeared, wheeling all day over the pine woods, calling querulously.

Then one still night the frost silvered the land, and the raccoons whistled from the beech-woods on the ridges, and old man Jocelyn's daughter crept from her chilly bed to the window which framed a staring, frosty moon.

Through the silence she heard a whisper like the discreet rustle of silken hangings. It was the sound of leaves falling through the darkness. She peered into the night, where, unseen, the delicate fingers of the frost were touching a million leaves, and as each little leaf was summoned she heard it go, whispering obedience.

Now the moonlight seemed to saturate her torn, thin nightgown and lie like frost on her body; and she crept to the door of her room, shivering, and called, "Father!"

He answered heavily, and the bed in the next room creaked.

"There is a frost," she said; "shall I load the cartridges?"

She could hear him stumble out of bed and grope for the window.

Presently he yawned loudly and she heard him tumble into bed.

"There won't be no flight to-night," he said; "the birds won't move for twenty-four hours. Go to bed, Jess."

"But there are sure to be a few droppers in to-night," she protested.

"Go to bed," he said shortly.

After a moment she began again: "I don't mind loading a dozen shells, dad."

"What for?" he said. "It's my fault I ain't ready. I didn't want you foolin' with candles around powder and shot."

"But I want you to have a good time to-morrow," she urged with teeth chattering. "You know," and she laughed a mirthless laugh, "it's Thanksgiving Day, and two woodcock are as good as a turkey."

What he said was, "Turkey be darned!" but nevertheless she knew he was pleased, so she said no more.

There was a candle on her bureau; she lighted it with stiff fingers, then trotted about over the carpetless floor gathering up the loading-tools and flimsy paper shells, the latter carefully hoarded after having already served.

Sitting there at the bedside, bare feet wrapped in a ragged quilt, and a shawl around her shoulders, she picked out the first shell and placed it in the block. With one tap she forced out the old primer, inserted a new one and drove it in. Next she plunged the rusty measuring-cup into the black powder and poured the glistening grains into the shell, three drams and a half. On this she drove in two wads. Now the shell was ready for an ounce and an eighth of number nine shot, and she measured it and poured it in with practiced hand. Then came the last wad, a quick twirl of the crimper, and the first shell lay loaded on the pillow.

Before she finished her hands were numb and her little feet like frozen marble. But at last two dozen cartridges were ready, and she gathered them up in the skirt of her nightgown and carried them to her father's door.

"Here they are," she said, rolling them in a heap on the floor; and, happy at his sleepy protest, she crept back to bed again, chilled to the knees.

At dawn the cold was intense, but old man Jocelyn, descending the dark stairway, gun in hand, found his daughter lifting the coffee-pot from the stove.

"You're a good girl, Jess," he said. Then he began to unwind the flannel cover from his gun. In the frosty twilight outside a raccoon whistled from the alders.

When he had unrolled and wiped his gun, he drew a shaky chair to the pine table and sat down. His daughter watched him, and when he bent his gray head she covered her eyes with one delicate hand.

"Lord," he said, "it being Thanksgiving, I do hereby give Thee a few extry thanks." And "Amen" they said together.

The girl stood warming herself with her back to the stove, watching her father, busy with his bread and coffee. Her childish face was not a sad one, yet in her rare smile there was a certain beauty which sorrow alone brings to young lips and eyes.

Old man Jocelyn stirred his sugarless coffee and broke off a lump of bread.

"One of young Gordon's keepers was here yesterday," he said abruptly.

His daughter slowly raised her head and twisted her disheveled hair into a great, soft knot. "What did Mr. Gordon's keeper want?" she asked indifferently.

"Why, some one," said old man Jocelyn with an indescribable sneer, "some real mean man has been and shot out them swales along Brier Brook."

"Did you do it?" asked she.

"Why, come to think, I guess I did," said her father, grinning.

"It is your right," said his daughter quietly; "the Brier Brook swales were yours."

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

BEFORE SHE FINISHED HER HANDS WERE NUMB AND HER LITTLE FEET LIKE FROZEN MARBLE

"Before young Gordon's pa swindled me out of them," observed Jocelyn, tearing off more bread. "And," he added, "even old Gordon never dared post his land in them days. If he had he'd been tarred and feathered."

His daughter looked grave, then a smile touched her eyes and she said: "I hear, daddy, that young Gordon gives you cattle and seeds and ploughs."

Jocelyn wheeled around like a flash. "Who told you that?" he demanded sharply.

The incredulous smile in her eyes died out. She stared at him blankly.

"Why, of course it wasn't true," she said.

"Who told you?" he cried angrily.

"Murphy told me," she stammered. "Of course it is a lie—of course he lied, father! I told him he lied——"

With horror in her eyes she stared at her father, but Jocelyn sat sullenly brooding over his coffee cup and tearing bit after bit from the crust in his fist.

"Has young Gordon ever said that to you?" he demanded at length.

"I have never spoken to him in all my life," answered the girl with a dry sob. "If I had known that he gave things to—to—us—I should have died——"

Jocelyn's eyes were averted. "How dare he!" she went on, trembling. "We are not beggars! If we have nothing it is his father's shame—and his shame! Oh, father! father! I never thought—I never for one instant thought——"

"Don't, Jess!" said Jocelyn hoarsely.

Then he rose and laid a heavy hand on the table: "I took his cows and his ploughs and his seed. What of it? He owes me more! I took them for your sake—to try to scrape a living in this bit of flint and sand—for you. Birds are scarce. They've passed a law against market-shooting. Every barrel of birds I send out may mean prison. I've lived my life as a market-hunter; I ain't fitted for farming. But you were growing, and you needed schooling, and between the game-warden and young Gordon I couldn't keep you decent—so I took his damned cattle and I dug in the ground. What of it!" he ended violently. And, as she did not speak, he gave voice to the sullen rage within him: "I took his cattle and his ploughs as I take his birds. They ain't his to give; they're mine to take—the birds are. I guess when God set the first hen partridge on her nest in Sagamore woods He wasn't thinking particularly about breeding them for young Gordon!"

He picked up his gun and started heavily for the door. His eyes met the eyes of his daughter as she drew the frosty latch for him. There was a pause, then he pulled his cap over his eyes with a long grunt.

"Dear dad," she said under her breath.

"I guess," he observed unsteadily, "you're ashamed of me, Jess."

She put both arms around his neck and laid her head against his.

"I think as you do," she said; "God did not create the partridges for Mr. Gordon—but, darling dad, you will never, never again take even one grain of buckwheat from him, will you?"

"His father robbed us," said Jocelyn with a surly shrug. But she was content with his answer and his rough kiss, and when he had gone out into the gray morning, calling his mongrel setter from its kennel, she went back up the stairs and threw herself on her icy bed. But her little face was hot with tearless shame and misery numbed her limbs, and she cried out in her heart for God to punish old Gordon's sin from generation to generation—meaning that young Gordon should suffer for the sins of his father. Yet through her torture and the burning anger of her prayer ran a silent undercurrent, a voiceless call for mercy upon her and upon all she loved, her father and—young Gordon.

After a while she fell asleep, dreaming of young Gordon. She had never seen him except Sundays in church, but now she dreamed he came into her pew and offered her a hymn book of ivory and silver; and she dreamed they sang from it together until the church thrilled with their united voices. But the song they sang seemed to pain her, and her voice hurt her throat. His voice, too, grew harsh and piercing and—she awoke with the sun in her eyes and the strident cries of the blue jays in her ears.

Under her window she heard somebody moving. It was her father, already returned, and he stood by the door, drawing and plucking half a dozen woodcock.

When she had bathed and dressed, she found the birds on the kitchen table ready for the oven, and she set about her household duties with a glance through the window at Jocelyn, crouching on the bank of the dark stream, examining his set-lines one by one.

The sun sent fierce streams of light over the flaming frost-ripened foliage. A belt of cloud choked the mountain gorge in the north; the alders were smoking with chilly haze.

As she passed across the yard toward the spring, bucket in hand, her father called out: "I guess we'll keep Thanksgiving, Jess, after all. I've got a five-pounder here!"

He held up a slim gold and green pickerel, then flung the fish on the ground with the laugh of a boy. It was always so; the forest and the pursuit of wild creatures renewed his life. He was born for it; he had lived a hunter and a roamer of the woods; he bade fair to die a poacher—which, perhaps, is no sin in the eyes of Him who designed the pattern of the partridge's wings and gave two coats to the northern hare.

His daughter watched him with a strained smile. In her bitterness against Gordon, now again in the ascendent, she found no peace of mind. "Dad," she said, "I set six deadfalls yesterday. I guess I'll go and look at them."

"If you line them too plainly Gordon's keepers will save you your trouble," said Jocelyn.

"Well, then, I think I'll go now," said the girl. Her eyes began to sparkle and the wings of her delicate nostrils quivered as she looked at the forest on the hill.

Jocelyn watched her. He noted the finely moulded head, the dainty nose, the clear, fearless eyes. It was the sensitive head of a free woman—a maid of windy hillsides and of silent forests. He saw the faint quiver of the nostril, and he thought of the tremor that twitches the dainty muzzles of thoroughbred dogs afield. It was in her, the mystery and passion of the forest, and he saw it and dropped his eyes to the fish swinging from his hand.

"Your mother was different," he said slowly.

Instinctively they both turned toward the shanty. Beside the doorstep rose a granite headstone.

After a while Jocelyn drew out his jack-knife and laid the fish on the dead grass, and the girl carried the bucket of water back to the house. She reappeared a moment later, wearing her father's shooting jacket and cap, and with a quiet "good-by" to Jocelyn she started across the hillside toward the woods above.

Jocelyn watched her out of sight, then turning the pickerel over, he slit the firm, white belly from vent to gill.

About that time, just over the scrubby hill to the north, young Gordon was walking, knee deep, in the bronzed, sweet fern, gun cocked, eyes alert. His two beautiful dogs were working close, quartering the birch-dotted hillside in perfect form. But they made no points; no dropping woodcock whistled up from the shelter of birch or alder; no partridge blundered away from bramble covert or willow fringe. Only the blue jays screamed at him as he passed; only the heavy hawks, sailing, watched him with bright eyes.

He was a dark-eyed, spare young man with well-shaped head and a good mouth. He wore his canvas shooting clothes like a soldier, and handled his gun and his dogs with a careless ease that might have appeared slovenly had the results been less precise. But even an amateur could see how thoroughly the ground was covered by those silent dogs. Gordon never spoke to them; a motion of his hand was enough.

Once a scared rabbit scuttled out of the sweet-fern and bounded away displaying the piteous flag of truce, and Gordon smiled to himself when his perfectly trained dogs crossed the alluring trail without a tremor, swerving not an inch for bunny and his antics.

But what could good dogs do, even if well handled, when there had been no flight from the north? So Gordon signaled the dogs and walked on.

That part of his property which he had avoided for years he now came in sight of from the hill, and he halted, gun under his arm. There was the fringe of alders, mirrored in Rat's Run; there was Jocelyn's shanty, the one plague spot in his estate; there, too, was old man Jocelyn, on his knees beside the stream, fussing with something that glistened, probably a fish.

The young man on the hilltop tossed his gun over his shoulder and called his two silvery-coated dogs to heel, then he started to descend the slope, the November sunlight dancing on the polished gun-barrels. Down through the scrubby thickets he strode; burr and thorn scraped his canvas jacket, blackberry vines caught at elbow and knee. With an unfeigned scowl he kept his eyes on Jocelyn, who was still pottering on the stream's bank, but when Jocelyn heard him come crackling through the stubble and looked up the scowl faded, leaving Gordon's face unpleasantly placid.

"Good morning, Jocelyn," said the young man, stepping briskly to the bank of the stream; "I want a word or two with you."

"Words are cheap," said Jocelyn, sitting up on his haunches; "what do you want, Mr. Gordon?"

"I want you," said Gordon, emphasizing each word, "to stop your depredations on my property, once and for all."

Squatting there on the dead grass Jocelyn eyed him sullenly without replying.

"Do you understand?" said Gordon sharply.

"Well, what's the trouble now——" began Jocelyn, but Gordon cut him short.

"Trouble! You've shot out every swale along Brier Brook! There isn't a partridge left between here and the lake! And it's a shabby business, Jocelyn—a shabby business."

He flung his fowling-piece into the hollow of his left arm and began to walk up and down the bank.

"This is my land," he said, "and I want no tenants. There were a dozen farms on the property when it came to me; I gave every tenant a year's lease, rent free, and when they moved out I gave them their houses to take down and rebuild outside of my boundary lines. Do you know any other man who would do as much?"

Jocelyn was silent.

"As for you," continued Gordon, "you were left in that house because your wife's grave is there at your very threshold. You have your house free, you pay no rent for the land, you cut your wood without payment. My gardener has supplied you with seed, but you never cultivate the land; my manager has sent you cows, but you sell them."

"One died," muttered Jocelyn.

"Yes—with a cut throat," replied Gordon. "See here, Jocelyn, I don't expect gratitude or civility from you, but I do expect you to stop robbing me!"

"Robbing!" repeated Jocelyn angrily, rising to his feet.

"Yes, robbing! My land is posted, warning people not to shoot or fish or cut trees. The land, the game and the forests are mine, and you have no more right to kill a bird or cut a tree on my property than I have to enter your house and steal your shoes!"

Gordon's face was flushed now, and he came and stood squarely in front of Jocelyn. "You rob me," he said, "and you break not only my own private rules but also the State laws. You shoot for the market, and it's a dirty, contemptible thing to do!"

Jocelyn glared at him, but Gordon looked him straight in the eye and went on calmly: "You are a law-breaker and you know it! You snare my trout, you cover the streams with set-lines and gang-hooks, you get more partridges with winter grapes and deadfalls than you do with powder and shot. As long as your cursed poaching served to fill your own stomach I stood it, but now that you've started wholesale game slaughter for the market I am going to stop the whole thing."

The two men faced each other in silence for a moment; then Jocelyn said: "Are you going to tear down my house?"

Gordon did not answer. It was what he wanted to do, but he looked at the gaunt granite headstone in the dooryard, then

Old man Jocelyn sat sunning his gray head on the south porch, lean hands folded over his stomach, pipe between his teeth

dropped the butt of his gun to the dead sod again. "Can't you be decent, Jocelyn?" he asked harshly.

Jocelyn was silent.

"I don't want to turn you out," said Gordon. "Can't you let my game alone? Come, let's start again; shall we? I'll send Banks down to-morrow with a couple of cows and a crate or two of chickens, and Murphy shall bring you what seeds you want for late planting——"

"To h—l with your seeds!" roared Jocelyn in a burst of fury. "To h—l with your cows and your Murphys and your money and yourself, you loafing millionaire! Do you think I want to dig turnips any more than you do? I was born free in a free land before you were born at all! I hunted these swales and fished these streams while you were squalling for your pap!"

With blazing eyes the ragged fellow shook his fist at Gordon, cursing him fiercely, then with a violent gesture he pointed at the ground under his feet: "Let those whose calling is to dig, dig!" he snarled. "I've turned my last sod!"

Except that Gordon's handsome face had grown a little white under the heavy coat of tan, he betrayed no emotion as he said: "You are welcome to live as you please—under the law. But if you fire one more shot on this land I shall be obliged to ask you to go elsewhere."

*

"Keep your ears open then!" shouted Jocelyn, "for I'll knock a pillowful of feathers out of the first partridge I run over!"

"Better not," said Gordon gravely.

Jocelyn hitched up his weather-stained trousers and drew his leather belt tighter. "I told you just now," he said, "that I'd never turn another sod. I'll take that back."

"I am glad to hear it," said Gordon pleasantly.

"Yes," continued Jocelyn with a grim gesture, "I'll take it back. You see, I buried my wife yonder, and I guess I'm free to dig up what I planted. And I'll do it."

After a pause he added: "Tear the house down. I'm done with it. I guess I can find room somewhere under ground for her, and a few free inches on top of the world for me to sit down on."

"Don't talk like that," said Gordon, reddening to the roots of his hair. "You are welcome to the house and the land, and you know it. I only ask you to let my game alone."

"Your game?" retorted Jocelyn. "They're wild creatures, put there by Him who fashioned them."

"Nonsense," said Gordon dryly. "My land is my own. Would you shoot the poultry in my barnyard?"

"If I did," cried Jocelyn with eyes ablaze, "I'd not be in your debt, young man. You are walking on my father's land. Ask *your* father why! Yes, go back to the city and hunt him up at his millionaire's club and ask him why you are driving Tom Jocelyn off of his old land!"

"My father died three years ago," said Gordon between his set teeth. "What do you mean?"

Jocelyn looked at him blankly.

"What do you mean?" repeated Gordon.

Jocelyn stood quite still. Presently he looked down at the fish on the ground and moved it with his foot. Then Gordon asked him for the third time what he meant, and Jocelyn, raising his eyes, answered him, "With the dead all quarrels die."

"That is not enough!" said Gordon harshly. "Do you believe my father wronged you?"

"He's dead," said Jocelyn, as though speaking to himself.

Presently he picked up the fish and walked toward his house, gray head bent between his shoulders.

For a moment Gordon hesitated, then he threw his gun smartly over his shoulder and motioned his dogs to heel. But his step had lost something of its elasticity, and he climbed the hill slowly, following with troubled eyes his own shadow which led him on over the dead grass.

The edge of the woods was warm in the sunshine. Faint perfumes of the vanished summer lingered in fern and bramble.

*

He did not enter the woods. There was a fallen log, rotten and fragrant, half buried in the briers, and on it he found a seat, calling his dogs to his feet.

In the silence of morning he could hear the pine-borers at work in the log he was sitting on, scra-ape! scra-ape! scr—r—rape! deep in the soft, dry pulp under the bark. There were no insects abroad except the white-faced pine hornets, crawling stiffly across the moss. He noticed no birds, either, at first, until, glancing up, he saw a great drab butcher-bird staring at him from a dead pine.

At first that inert oppression which always came when the memory of his father returned to him touched his fine lips with a gravity too deep for his years. No man had ever said that his father had dealt unfairly with men, yet for years now his son had accumulated impressions, vague and indefinable at first, but much clearer as he grew older, and the impressions had left the faintest tracery of a line between his eyebrows. He had known his father as a hard man; he knew that the world had found him hard and shrewd. And now as he grew older and understood what the tribute of honest men was worth, even to the dead, he waited to hear one word. But he never heard it. He had heard other things, however, but always veiled, like the menacing outbreak of old man Jocelyn—nothing tangible, nothing that he could answer or refute. At times he became morbid, believing he could read reproach in men's eyes, detect sarcasm in friendly voices. Then for months he would shun men, as he was doing now, living alone month after month in the great silent house where his father and his grandfather's father had been born. Yet even here among the Sagamore hills he had found it—that haunting hint that honor had been moulded to fit occasions when old Gordon dealt with his fellow-men.

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"You are as free as I am in these woods—but not more free"

*

He glanced up again at the butcher-bird, and rose to his feet. The bird's cruel eyes regarded him steadily.

"You wholesale murderer," thought Gordon, "I'll just give you a charge of shot."

But before he could raise his gun, the shrike, to his amazement, burst into an exquisite song, sweet and pure as a thrush's melody, and spreading its slaty wings, it sailed off through the sunshine.

"That's a new trick to me," said Gordon aloud, wondering to hear such music from the fierce feathered criminal. But he let it go for the sake of its song, and, lowering his gun again, he pushed into the underbrush.

The yellow beech leaves illuminated the woods above and under foot; he smelled the scent of ripening foliage, he saw the purple gentians wistfully raising their buds which neither sun nor frost could ever unseal. In a glade where brambles covered a tiny stream, creeping through layers of swamp-weed and mint, the white setter in the lead swung suddenly west, quartered, wheeled, crept forward and stiffened to a point. Behind him his mate froze into a silvery statue. But Gordon walked on, gun under his arm, and the covey rose with a roar of heavy wings, driving blindly through the tangle deep into the dim wood's depths.

Gordon was not in a killing mood that morning.

When the puzzled dogs had come wagging in and had been quietly motioned to heel, Gordon stood still and looked around at the mottled tree trunks glimmering above the underbrush. The first beechnuts had dropped; a few dainty sweet acorns lay under the white oaks. Somewhere above a red squirrel scolded incessantly.

As he was on the point of moving forward, stooping to avoid an osier, something on the edge of the thicket caught his eye. It was a twig, freshly broken, hanging downward by a film of bark.

After he had examined it closely he looked around cautiously, peering into the thicket until, a few yards to the right, he discovered another twig, freshly broken, hanging by its film of bark.

*

An ugly flush stained his forehead; he set his lips together and moved on noiselessly. Other twigs hung dangling every few yards, yet it took an expert's eye to detect them among the tangles and clustering branches. But he knew what he was to find at the end of the blind trail, and in a few minutes he found it. It was a dead-fall, set, and baited with winter grapes.

Noiselessly he destroyed it, setting the heavy stone on the moss without a sound; then he searched the thicket for the next "line," and in a few moments he discovered another broken twig leading to the left.

He had been on the trail for some time, losing it again and again before the suspicion flashed over him that there was somebody ahead who had either seen or heard him and who was deliberately leading him astray with false "lines" that would end in nothing. He listened; there was no sound either of steps or of cracking twigs, but both dogs had begun growling and staring into the demi-light ahead. He motioned them on and followed. A moment later both dogs barked sharply.

As he stepped out of the thicket on one side, a young girl, standing in the more open and heavier timber, raised her head and looked at him with grave, brown eyes. Her hands were on the silky heads of his dogs; from her belt hung a great, fluffy cock-partridge, outspread wings still limber.

He knew her in an instant; he had seen her often in church. Perplexed and astonished, he took off his cap in silence, finding absolutely nothing to say, although the dead partridge at her belt furnished a text on which he had often displayed biting eloquence.

After a moment he smiled, partly at the situation, partly to put her at her ease.

"If I had known it was you," he said, "I should not have followed those very inviting twigs I saw dangling from the oziers and moose-vines."

*

"Lined dead-falls are thoroughfares to woodsmen," she answered defiantly. "You are as free as I am in these woods—but not more free."

The defiance, instead of irritating him, touched him. In it he felt a strange pathos—the proud protest of a heart that beat as free as the thudding wings of the wild birds he sometimes silenced with a shot.

"It is quite true," he said gently; "you are perfectly free in these woods."

"But not by your leave!" she said, and the quick color stung her cheeks.

"It is not necessary to ask it," he replied.

"I mean," she said desperately, "that neither I nor my father recognize your right to these woods."

"Your father?" he repeated, puzzled.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked in surprise.

"I know you sing very beautifully in church," he said, smiling.

"My name," she said quietly, "is the name of your father's old neighbor. I am Jessie Jocelyn."

His face was troubled, even in his surprise. The line between his eyes deepened. "I did not know you were Mr. Jocelyn's daughter," he said at last.

Neither spoke for a moment. Presently Gordon raised his head and found her brown eyes on him.

"I wish," he said wistfully, "that you would let me walk with you a little way. I want to ask your advice. Will you?"

(Concluded on Page 448)

The MINISTER'S Henhouse. By Charles Battell Loomis

"Too-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo," he sang in a resonant tenor, and the dusky birds came flocking from all corners of the field, where they had been scratching, to pick up the grain which their master was sowing broadcast. Was his Sunday flock as eager for spiritual sustenance?

REV. SIGOURNEY HARDWICKE, of South Hanaford, was very successful with hens. He had begun with a hen and twelve chickens which a neighbor had given him, and he now had a flock of fifty. Of course all this had not been accomplished without a severe attack of hen fever, but as the disease did not lead him to neglect his pastoral duties there was none in his flock—his human flock—who complained of his devotion to the feathered bipeds.

When he had but thirteen, an old dry-goods box slatted with laths was a sufficient shelter, and later, when his hatches averaged eleven to the setting, the woodshed sufficed to house them all; but now with fifty the woodshed was sadly inadequate, and unless he could manage to provide a better abode for them before snow flew, his success with fowls would be numbered among the lost arts. Some men would have bought a hammer and a pound or two of nails and would have knocked together a good enough henhouse, but although the Rev. Sigourney Hardwicke had a hypnotic way of encouraging hens to lay when other folk were vainly clamorous for eggs, and although he could bring the most fractious hen through the period of incubation without any desertion of nest, simply by moral suasion and the force of a good example, he hadn't the slightest skill in the use of tools.

The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke was short and stout and jolly, and it was said of him that the roosters crowed for joy at the sight of him, and the hens would hurry off to their nests to lay extra eggs for him whenever occasion demanded. He lived alone in the big parsonage—the last incumbent had had thirteen children and a wife—for although he believed, with the Bible, that it is not good for man to be alone, yet he was still waiting for just the right helpmeet.

One morning a few days before Thanksgiving, when to the typical country sounds had been added the pleasant noise of fowls scratching among fallen and crisp leaves, and the air was pungent with autumn smoke, Woodford Upham drove by the parsonage just as the parson came out of the kitchen door to feed his flock. They were all Black Langshans, and as handsome a group of birds as one would be likely to see outside of a poultry show, their merits appealing to layman and fancier alike.

Mr. Hardwicke had a peculiar call for his fowls. "Too-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo," he sang in a resonant tenor, and the dusky birds came flocking from all corners of the field, where they had been scratching, to pick up the grain which their master was sowing broadcast. Was his Sunday flock as eager for spiritual sustenance?

Mr. Upham reined up. "Where in tarn—where do you keep 'em?" said he, as the mob of fowls pushed and shoved like a human crowd at a public function.

"Well, they keep the woodshed warm holding 'em," said the minister with a chuckle. "I'm thinking seriously of giving up my study to them and taking to the woods myself."

Mr. Upham threw the reins over his horse's ample girth and got out of the wagon.

"They are pretty," said he emphatically. "I used to think that a hen was a hen, but I don't know——"

"Well, I've killed *off* all my roosters, so they really are hens," said the minister with a whimsical smile.

"Yes, but I mean I believe there is something in breed. You ought to have a henhouse. Your hens are gettin' themselves talked about a good deal. Mrs. Upham says it does her more good than a sermon to see the way you've managed to make your hens pay. She never has eggs unless they're so plenty it would be scandalous not to, and she often asks me to find out how you manage it."

Mr. Hardwicke stooped over and stroked the greenish-black back of a matron of two summers. "That's it; I manage it. If a hen ought to lay and won't, I tempt her palate with hot food, and I talk to her a little and tuck her in at night, and she generally looks at it my way after a few days. If she's setting, and feels like visiting her neighbors instead of keeping her eggs warm, I talk a little more, and maybe shut her on her nest for a day or so, and she finally decides to stay by the ship like Captain Lawrence, and so I keep up my average of eleven to a brood. But in the hen business as in others eternal vigilance is the price of success."

"But you do need a henhouse," said Mr. Upham, stepping over to the diminutive woodshed and looking in.

"Yes, I do need a henhouse, but I don't suppose that the society would think one a part of my perquisites, as I may not be here for life. There's no telling how long you can stand my sermons."

"Well, I wouldn't make 'em any longer," said Mr. Upham solemnly; "but I don't know what we would have done for eggs last week when we had my wife's folks out to see us if we hadn't been able to draw on your supply, and I think it's the general opinion that your salary ain't so princely but we can manage somehow to squeeze out enough to put up a henhouse. And if we ever do decide to get another minister—why, we'll have to see to it that he keeps hens before we give him a call."

Mortimer Wallace, the Shakespearian reader, had a summer home in South Hanaford, and he had gone in for fancy fowls for a time, but although he had read in Shakespeare that there is a tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune, he was out of town when the flood tide came, and so he reluctantly decided to sell the Buff Cochins, for which he had paid fancy prices, at the local quotation on fowls, which was fifty cents a head—weight no objection.

His last hen sold, he suffered a revulsion of feeling against henkind in general, and he longed to sell his henhouse that he might forget that hens existed.

But to take it up and move it by ox-power would double its cost, and, besides, South Hanaford farmers thought it a trifle too ornate for every-day egg-laying, and so he found no takers, although he set a tempting price upon it. But when Mr. Upham drove away from the minister's he happened to pass the Wallace henhouse, and he immediately thought that here were two wants that offset each other—Mortimer Wallace's wish to be rid of his perpetual reminder of his failure as a fancier, and the minister's desire for an adequate dwelling for his thriving fowls.

He spoke of it to Deacon Abner Curtis the next Sunday while they were waiting for the close of Sunday-school. It had been an immemorial custom for the older men to gather together on the church steps and get rid of non-churchly thoughts by talking them out before service began.

"You know that Wallace wants to sell his henhouse, and it's about time that we bought the parson a place for his chickens to roost in. He's shown he's the only man, woman or child in these parts that understands hens, and I don't see why we couldn't buy Wallace's building and move it over to the parson's. Thanksgiving Day comes this week, and it would be a graceful thing to do."

"Haow fur is it?" asked Deacon Curtis.

"Half a mile."

"I think it's a good projec' fer the young people's society. The church moved the chapel an' paid fer the noo stove, and it's time the young people did somethin'. What's Wallace want fer it?"

Mr. Upham bowed pleasantly to the minister, who was just entering the church. "Twenty dollars," said he.

"Twenty dollars fer that hidjus bloo buildin'? His wants ain't small."

"Well, what is it worth? Suppose you was sellin' it."

"Oh, that's different. I never sold no henhouses an' I dunno what I'd ask, but I'd never pay twenty dollars fer no henhouse. No hens 'd be wuth it. Why can't the pastor knock one together himself?"

"He ain't got the gift of the hammer."

While the supper was in progress, William Curtis arose

The bell, which had been tolling, now stopped, and the moaning of the melodeon gave notice of the end of worldly discussions; but at the prayer meeting in the evening it was proposed by the President of the Christian Endeavor Society that Mr. Wallace be approached and sounded as to the least figure for which he would part with his henhouse.

Monday morning a deputation waited on him just as he was starting out to fill a lecture engagement. He asked the spokesman to jump into his buggy and drive with him to the

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less than $30,000,000,000 last year, an increase of more than 50 per cent.

Deposits in national banks of the country this fall stand at $3,458,000,000, a gain of 23 per cent. over last year, and when contrasted with three years ago, when the total was $2,028,000,000, the gain is 70 per cent.

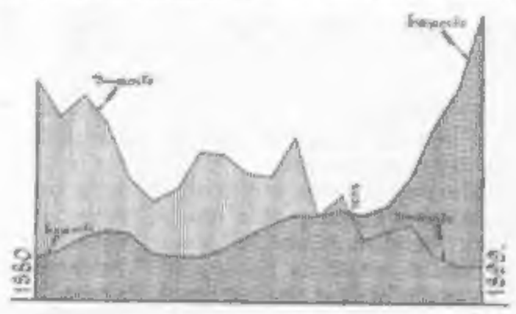
In the two years up to October 1, 1899, the total money circulation in the people's hands has increased $270,000,000. In three years the money stock of the country has been increased by the addition of $359,000,000 in gold. We have gathered to ourselves in a year practically the world's production of gold for that year. The world's production in 1898 was $287,000,000, of which $60,000,000 was absorbed by industrial uses. Of the $227,000,000 left for monetary purposes, the United States has turned into active commercial channels more than $200,000,000, an astonishing and striking figure of our commanding position in the world's commerce.

GOLD AND PLENTY OF IT IN THE TREASURY

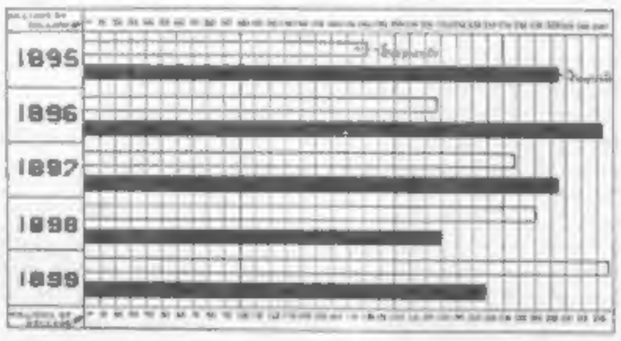
Much reason for our prosperity is to be found in the substantial basis on which the currency rests. It is a foundation of gold, and a foundation broader and wider by a vaster amount than we have ever had before. The volume of gold in the Treasury is now the largest it has ever been, and at the same time the volume of gold in the banks and in the hands of the people is unprecedented. The total gold in the country to-day stands at $1,000,000,000, which contrasts with $641,000,000 three years ago. Gold is becoming the every-day money of commerce, and is no longer found only locked up in banks and safe-deposit vaults. In the year just closed, nearly 40 per cent. of the payments to the Government were made in gold.

Treasury finances have not, in many years, been in such satisfactory shape. The Government's cash balance in October, 1899, passed $290,000,000, marking a sharp advance along the road toward comfortable financiering if a comparison is made with the situation in December, 1893, when the Government's available cash fell to $84,000,000, and of that there was less than $50,000,000 in gold to support the $346,000,000 of United States notes payable in gold on demand.

Imports and Exports of Iron and Steel Manufactures



Imports and Exports of Manufactures.



In spite of the expenses of war, the income of the Government shows substantial excess over the expenditures. For the fiscal year up to October 21, 1899, receipts have been $176,000,000 and expenditures $171,000,000. This compares with receipts for the same period last year of $152,000,000 and expenditures of $221,000,000.

It is interesting to note how the more active demands of retail business have forced the breaking up of large bills into small ones. In four years the number of one-dollar bills has been increased from $40,000,000 to $57,000,000, of two-dollar bills from $28,000,000 to $36,000,000, and of five-dollar bills from $245,000,000 to $291,000,000.

This has been a year of huge speculative operations, the record of transactions at the Stock Exchange standing unequaled. The nominal value of stocks and bonds traded in at the New York Stock Exchange in less than ten months was more than fourteen times the national debt. From January 1 to October 20, 141,000,000 shares were traded in, against 84,000,000 for the same period of 1898. The par value was $13,638,000,000, against $8,000,000,000 for the same time last year.

It has been a year of phenomenal advances in prices, notwithstanding the fact that comparisons are made with a year in which the improvement was regarded as almost unparalleled. The highest prices quoted this year, contrasted with the lowest record of 1898, show many stocks that have doubled in value, some that have tripled, and some that have quadrupled.

Here are some startling advances: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, preferred, rose from 22 to 68, Baltimore and Ohio from 31 to 61, Brooklyn Rapid Transit from 35 to 137, Chicago and Eastern Illinois from 49 to 100, Chicago Great Western from 28 to 85, Chicago Terminal Transit from 4 to 25, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis from 25 to 64, Denver and Rio Grande from 40 to 80, Evansville and Terre Haute from 40 to 98, Iowa Central from 25 to 62, Metropolitan Street Railroad from 125 to 269, St. Paul and Duluth from 18 to 74, Southern Pacific from 12 to 44, Union Pacific from 16 to 50. And so on the list might be extended indefinitely. Even sharper advances, during the same interval of time, can be found among the miscellaneous industrial stocks. New York Air Brake shows an extreme advance from 14 to 230, Tennessee Coal and Iron from 17 to 126, Colorado Fuel and Iron from 17 to 64, American Tobacco from 83 to 229, and United States Rubber from 14 to 57.

When these advances in quotations are looked at in connection with the huge capitalization of the companies, and it is realized what they made in increased fortunes to the holders, old-fashioned fairy tales seem small and slow.

THE GENERAL RISE IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

Government securities have shared with the issue of corporations in the improvement. United States bonds that have sold this year as high as 131 were quoted at 112 in 1896.

Increases in values have not been confined to the stock markets and the price currents. The farmer has shared in good measure. Estimates by the Agricultural Department show that in the two years ending with January 1, 1899, the value of farm animals in the United States increased $342,000,000. That is a sharp turn in the tide, which had, in the four years from 1893 to 1897, carried down the value of farm animals more than $825,000,000.

The domestic post-office money-order business is a trustworthy indication of activity. For the fiscal year 1899 there were more than 29,000,000 money orders issued, involving an aggregate of $211,000,000. That total contrasts with $191,000,000 in 1898 and with $174,000,000 in 1897. The general business of the Post-Office Department shows such totals as one might expect in a time of such activity. For the year ending September 30, 1899, the deliveries of postage stamps exceeded 3,874,000,000. Compared with the previous year, this shows an increase of a million stamps a day.

The working people of Europe have not been slow to discover our prosperity. In 1898, Immigration to this country was 230,000, and for the fiscal year just closed it was almost 312,000, an increase of 36 per cent.

However colossal any statistics of commercial conditions may be, nearly all other totals must sink into insignificance when compared with the capitalization of new industrial companies this year. In the first six months, companies were organized, and have taken an active position in industrial affairs, having an aggregate capitalization of $3,141,000,000. Most of these were enormous industrial combinations. There were several with a capitalization exceeding $50,000,000.

The listing of new issues on the New York Stock Exchange for the first six months of the year makes startling comparison. They reached $152,790,000, against $8,943,000 in the first half of 1898.

So might be extended at pleasure striking evidences of our new prosperity. It is stupendous, and it marks the closing years of the century as an era of marvelous activities—an era which during the century to come will form the basis for future comparisons.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

Told by Senator Chauncey M. Depew

SENATOR DEPEW'S fame as a teller of amusing stories and anecdotes is quite as widespread and well-founded as are his achievements as a man of affairs. It is interesting, therefore, to have him indicate a few of the anecdotes which seem to him to contain the essential ingredients of that rare work of art, "a good story," and the following tales are the result of this selection.

Englishmen, as a race apart, are sensitive about their slowness in appreciating the point of a joke, and sometimes in their efforts to cover up this national defect they succeed only in getting deeper in the mire of their mental befuddlement, as the following illustration given by Senator Depew demonstrates:

"I was delivering a speech at the annual banquet of the St. George Society, and in the course of my talk I casually remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated by my British hearers at the moment they were sprung upon them, by the time the next yearly dinner came around they were sure to see the point. 'I don't think that's such a deucedly funny thing to say,' growled a stolid, red-faced son of Johnny Bull, who sat opposite me at the table. He had broken in loudly and interrupted my flow of language. 'Oh,' I replied, before taking up the thread of my speech, 'that's all right, my dear fellow. You'll see the fun in it a year from now.'"

THE HOTEL CLERK'S LIQUID AUTOGRAPH

Here is a typical Depew story, and its author is particularly fond of this offspring, born as it was under sunny skies and rehabilitated to point a moral in one of the Senator's famous political speeches:

"Last time I was traveling in the South I had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. I said to the clerk when I entered: 'Where shall I autograph?'

"'Autograph?' said the clerk.

"'Yes; sign my name, you know.'

"'Oh, right here.' As I was signing my name in the register, in came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellows immediately recognizable as genuine Georgia Crackers. One of the men advanced to the desk.

"'Will you autograph?' asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority.

"'Certainly,' said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; 'mine's rye.'

"There was no escape for the clerk, and he treated with as good grace as he could command under the circumstances. Next morning I said to him: 'That was too bad, the way you got caught last night.'

"'Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain,' he replied; 'but the next time I speak a foreign langunge in my own country I'll know what I'm talking about.'"

THE WIT THAT WON THE TRACHER'S WOODCHUCK

To illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its fiery partisanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the woodchuck:

"The tutor in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles:

"'You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?'

"'I am, sir.'

"'And Jim, you are a Democrat?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning.'

"'I am a Republican,' said the first boy, 'because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery.'

"'And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?'

"'I'm a Prohibitionist,' rattled off the youth, 'because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses.'

"'Excellent reasons, Bill!' remarked the tutor encouragingly. 'Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?'

"'Well, sir,' was the slow reply, 'I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck.'

"And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew.

THE COLORED PORTER WHO RUNS A RAILROAD

Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continually in dismissing dignified bores or influential beggars from his office. The Senator was on his summer vacation when a pompous little man called to see him and encountered the colored porter who guards the outer gates of the Depew sanctum.

"I want to see Chauncey Depew," said the little man.

"You cain't, sah. He's gone to Europe, sah."

"Well, then, I'll see his secretary."

"Sorry, sah, but Mistah Duval, he's done gone to Europe."

"Then I'll see Cornelius Vanderbilt."

"He's in Newport, sah."

"Well, is W. K. Vanderbilt in?"

"No, sah. He's done gone to Newport, too."

"That so? Then I'll see the Vice-President of the road."

"He's in Albany, sah."

"How about the second Vice-President?"

"He's down to Long Branch, sah."

"Is the Superintendent in?"

"He's out inspectionin' de road, sah."

"How about General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He went away to Cape May dis mawnin'."

"Who in thunder is running this road, anyway?" shouted the little man, getting very red in the face.

"Well, I tell you, boss," replied the ebon attendant, "dis yere road jes' runs hitself, sah, an' dere hain' nobody needed 'round to look after things but me."

REMINISCENT OF DANIEL WEBSTER

As a back-handed slap at a well-known member of Congress who is too fond of looking upon the wine when it is anilined, Mr. Depew tells this anecdote:

"The member of Congress was being shaved by an aged colored barber in Washington. The shop was a favorite one with the prominent men of the Capital, and the old darky who presided over it often boasted that he had shaved every great statesman since the Madison Administration, which may or may not have been true. The member of Congress referred to was being shaved by the veteran one day, when he said to the latter:

"'Uncle, you must have shaved many famous men?'

"'Oh, yes, sah; I has indeed.'

"'And a great many of those famous personages must have sat in this very chair where I am sitting, eh?'

"'Dat's right, sah. Dey's set jes' whar yo' is a settin' dis moment, sah. Yes, sah. An' I'se jes' been a noticin' a mighty cur'us similarity between yo' and Dan'el Webster, sah.'

"'You don't say!' exclaimed the highly delighted law-maker. 'Is the similarity in the shape of my head, Uncle?'

"'Oh, no, sah. 'Tain't dat.'

"'Is it my manner?'

"'No, boss, 'tain't yore manner, nudder; hit's yore breff.'"

Thanksgiving on Crawfish Bayou

By Ruth McEnery Stuart

"ACACIA BAYOU," "Bayou des Roses," "Mud Bayou," "Crawfish Bayou," "Bayou des Crocodiles," "Ague Bayou"—such were some of the pictorial names which distinguished a stream so narrow in some of its many turnings, and so shallow in all but a few remote scare-holes of supposed danger, that Black Jane's little piccaninnies played prisoner's base and last tag on both sides of it at once, stepping without fear or diminished speed from one bank to the other.

Jane, whose solitary cabin was the only human habitation realizable in its vicinity, had herself perhaps as many names as the meagre stream beside which she was rearing her numerous family. She was about equally well known as "Shouting Jane," or "Jane Free," or "Unbelievin' Jane," or Jane Randolph—the last being that of her recent owners—not to mention several others which it seems hardly fair to repeat after so long a time, when she may not put in her defense.

Jane was typical of a somewhat exceptional class, being the daughter of a Congo negress, Mano by name, who had been a Princess in her own country, and who had brought into her slave life the strong traditions of her caste.

Although she had acquired her Congo-English in terms of Christianity and hope, Mano had remained at her heart an African and a pagan. She called herself in her own tongue by the word that meant a captive, never a slave. The Christian's God was the God of the white man.

Her one concession to the religion of her environment was the baptism of her child, Jane, but those who knew her best said that she had done so merely for the bravado of having the name called out before the congregation, Jane Free. Of course, in the circumstances, such an act was almost criminal in its suggestion, but when arraigned for it Mano's clever defense was, "I named my chile Jane Free jes' caze I tooken a notion to de name. She name Jane Free-Randolph, an' ef de Randolphs ain't free I lak to know who is."

At the time of the Emancipation, Jane was a young mother with three children, all answering to the proud old name of Randolph, with exactly as little and as much right to the same as their mother.

With such antecedents, and reared in such a setting, it is not surprising that Jane grew up charged to the danger-point with the spirit of revolt. Her mother, naturally endowed as a woman of faculty, had worked hard chiefly because she did not want any one to bid her work. A Princess might please to labor with her hands, but she could not gracefully take orders. Jane, as is sometimes the case with the children of great-spirited women, inherited her mother's fire without her faculty. She, too, wielded the hoe or bent over her tubs to evade the command, but her thinner wrists worked with lesser skill, and a slighter mentality held the curb of her dangerous spirit.

Jane was her mother's daughter, and although she had grown up in the atmosphere of an emotional Christianity which seemed to answer all the tragic needs of her race, she had never, up to the time of the Emancipation, made any response.

On a certain memorable day, however—a day which she would never forget—when the gong sounded at eleven in the morning instead of at noon, and all the negroes knew it to be freedom's signal, and many at the first sound fell upon their knees, Jane, sitting in their midst, suddenly sprang to her feet, and seizing one after another of her little children, she lifted them as high as she could reach toward Heaven and with streaming eyes shouted "Glory!" and "Freedom!" until she was hoarse.

Many of those who had knelt had burst into tears at the first signal, some, as she, overcome with a realization of its portentous meaning, and others trembling in fear and dread, like little children deserted in an unknown wilderness.

A few were hopeful, some even jubilant, but Jane alone of all the heart-stirred throng was absolutely sure as to her future—her mother, unfortunately, had died before the Great Day—and when a few weeks later she gathered her little ones together and started out into the world, freely following her caprice alone, she vaguely felt that it was only a question of time when she should come into her own, which is to say, into a prestige befitting her traditional station in the new social order of her freed people.

Of course, Jane's remote objective point was the city of the White House—the city with the gilded dome—even though she could aspire to reach it only by slow stages.

On the day when, holding one babe in her arms and with a toddler clinging to her skirts on either side, she made known her wants at the military headquarters in New Orleans, expecting, she scarcely knew what, as an initial favor, it had never occurred to her to doubt that the paternal decree which made her free, the Heaven-inspired proclamation of "Father Abraham," would insure her welcome as a daughter in Israel.

Never was happier coincidence than that which gave to the savior of a superstitious and worshipful people the name of Judah's patriarch, Abraham—Abraham, who had held an honored place in the salvation scheme of an oppressed and waiting people through all the ages. Imagine Lincoln with a name like Frank or Henry or Mortimer, or even Chauncey! One who knows the reverence of the African's mind, his sensitiveness to romance, to poetry, to association and to worship, can but realize that in his apotheosis of "Father Abraham" he was not only honoring the redeemer of his race but fulfilling the law and the prophets.

Of course, there could be nothing but disappointment and chagrin for such as poor Jane Free, and the only privilege she enjoyed as a "daughter of the kingdom"—which is to say, the Republic—was that of standing in line with the pitiful row of "contraband" negroes who drew their daily rations from a Government which so far only was even thus meagrely and impersonally paternal.

Jane had always been a law unto herself, free by name and nature, willful and loving by turns, but through all more constantly maternal than anything else. Her family grew as it had begun. There were six, several years after the war. But whether her ducklings were ugly or whether they developed into swans, they were her own, flesh of her flesh, and dearer than life or Heaven to Jane's poor infidel heart.

Of course, she had long ago repudiated her one act of allegiance to the Christian God, as soon, as she rather shockingly put it, as she had discovered that He had fooled her—fooled her and made her make a show of herself on Freedom Day—called her out by a false proclamation away from home and friends and protection, telling her that she was free and then *turning her loose*. Yes, God had fooled her. In the old days she had been called a slave, but the gifts of life had come free. Now she was written down free, and the great and growing responsibilities of her new condition enslaved her hopelessly. The number of her children or their needs, even their ailments, these were the master's care in the old, free, slave days. There was suffering, and, sad to say, there was sometimes even want in the poor cabin on the tattered edge of the raggedest suburb of the swamp-encircled town to which she had been lured by false promises to enjoy her enslaved freedom. Yes, surely God had fooled her.

Of course, there were times when she had had temporary help from one or another during the glamour periods of her several romances, but taking even these in the aggregate, they had been decidedly more of a tax than otherwise. But Jane was no more an idler than she had been in the old slave times. She had always been a healthy woman, albeit so slender—it seemed a sudden breeze might waft her away—but her affiliations were all earthward, and from the absurd little topknot, composed chiefly of calico strings, which decked her proud little head, to the sole of her nimble foot—a sole whose "hollow" literally "made a hole in the ground"—Jane was thoroughly alert, and it was her boast that when she was well all she asked for was "a row o' tubs, a good bleachin'-plot o' grass, a strong clo'es-line, an' a good-lookin' man to stan' longside de tubs, an' she wouldn't ax nobody no odds."

For the first few years of her experimental freedom she made a fair living, taking it all around and allowing for the times when she had to lie by when ration-days were resumed, and not laying too much stress upon the few hungry periods which were really some customer's fault for not paying promptly, or for being altogether too particular and withdrawing his patronage without warning.

Fishing for the day's needs

Jane's mother had been a great beauty in her day, black polished, erect and commanding, but Jane, who seemed an expression of a single impulse rather than a reproduction of the woman in her integrity, had never been even a pretty woman, exactly. But she was better than pretty in her unfailing picturesqueness, and she bore herself with so piquant an air that no one who ever saw her failed to look at her twice, and to such as came at all under her spell she was charming to a dangerous degree.

No mocking-bird that ever tilted on a bough above her head and sang his freedom-song was more lithe and graceful than little black Jane Free, none more sweet-voiced than she when she answered.

She often sang at her tubs—sang out whatever was in her heart, just letting it come as it would in a sort of rhythmic blank-verse, crooning or shouting according to her mood, and sometimes scarcely audibly intoning her self-communings in a voice so low that when the wind was blowing one would scarcely have known whether it were she or the stirring of the leaves but for the rhythm that was in perfect time with every movement of her sinewy body.

Indeed, when she willed it, Jane was a sort of wanton mocking-bird herself, and in her love-making periods, when

it was her pleasure to give herself full expression, she often mockingly sang the religious hymns of her people, throwing her slim body with maddening abandon, shamming ecstasy or despair for the delectation of her adorer, while she wrung out her clothes or stood a-tiptoe hanging them on the line.

When she finally took her brood out to the old deserted cabin on Crawfish Bayou, she must have realized that she was passing beyond the boundary of possible success, but there was no alternative. Her rent had long been unpaid where she was, and to have her poor belongings sold by the Sheriff would have meant immediate disaster.

There would have been no use repining over the inevitable, anyway, but it was a singing-time with Jane, and not even threatened calamity had power to depress her while a certain stalwart yellow Adonis answering to the proud name of Henry Clay was wearing out his elbows on her wash-bench, literally wallowing in adoration at her feet.

Henry was a gentle-voiced fellow, somewhat younger than Jane, with no energy to speak of beyond that employed in devotion, and with so slight a sense of humor that when he had stood beside her tubs for scarcely a fortnight he blandly and without a smile began to answer to the endearing and interpretative title of "daddy" to Jane's entire brood, with whom his quickly winning personality had made him an instant favorite.

There would be no rent to pay in this last retreat. Indeed, there was not so much as a landlord in evidence, and the roof which by and by Jane repaired with her own hands had long ago been given over to Nature.

It was late in August when Jane took possession, and the south end of the hut was a solid mass of overlapping greenery from which the delighted children immediately began to gather drinking-gourds with eccentric handles, which their "daddy" showed them how to cut and to polish for use. It was a picture of luxuriance and bounty, but when Jane first stood in the door, resting her thin hands upon the facing, and looked around her, she saw only barrenness and want.

The bayou, rank with summer growths, flowed sluggishly before the door. This soon became practically the family market-place, where any morning a row of little piccaninnies might have been seen fishing for crawfish with twine string and scoop-net. At first the bait question seemed a difficulty, but it was soon found that fishing with bits of fresh beef for even so long as half a day, when the weather was not too warm, did not palpably impair their quality for second duty in the stew, which was the family's favorite luxury. It soon became the rule that whoever lost his bait in the bayou must content himself with gravy for dinner—gravy with, of course, his share of the crawfish.

Of course, matters grew worse. Henry really did show a willingness to work, but his strong and shapely hands were so distinctly decorative that it is easy to believe that they were best fulfilling their design when they were rearranging Jane's topknot or picking a thorn from her foot, this last act being somewhat misleading figuratively, perhaps, although taken from the life.

Not that Henry really did not help, in his own way. In fact, the scoop-net with which the children landed their crawfish was the work of his nimble fingers, and when Jane climbed up and mended the roof, did he not sit faithfully within, indicating the crevices through which he saw the sky, and even suggesting several improvements over her own methods of lapping the shingles?

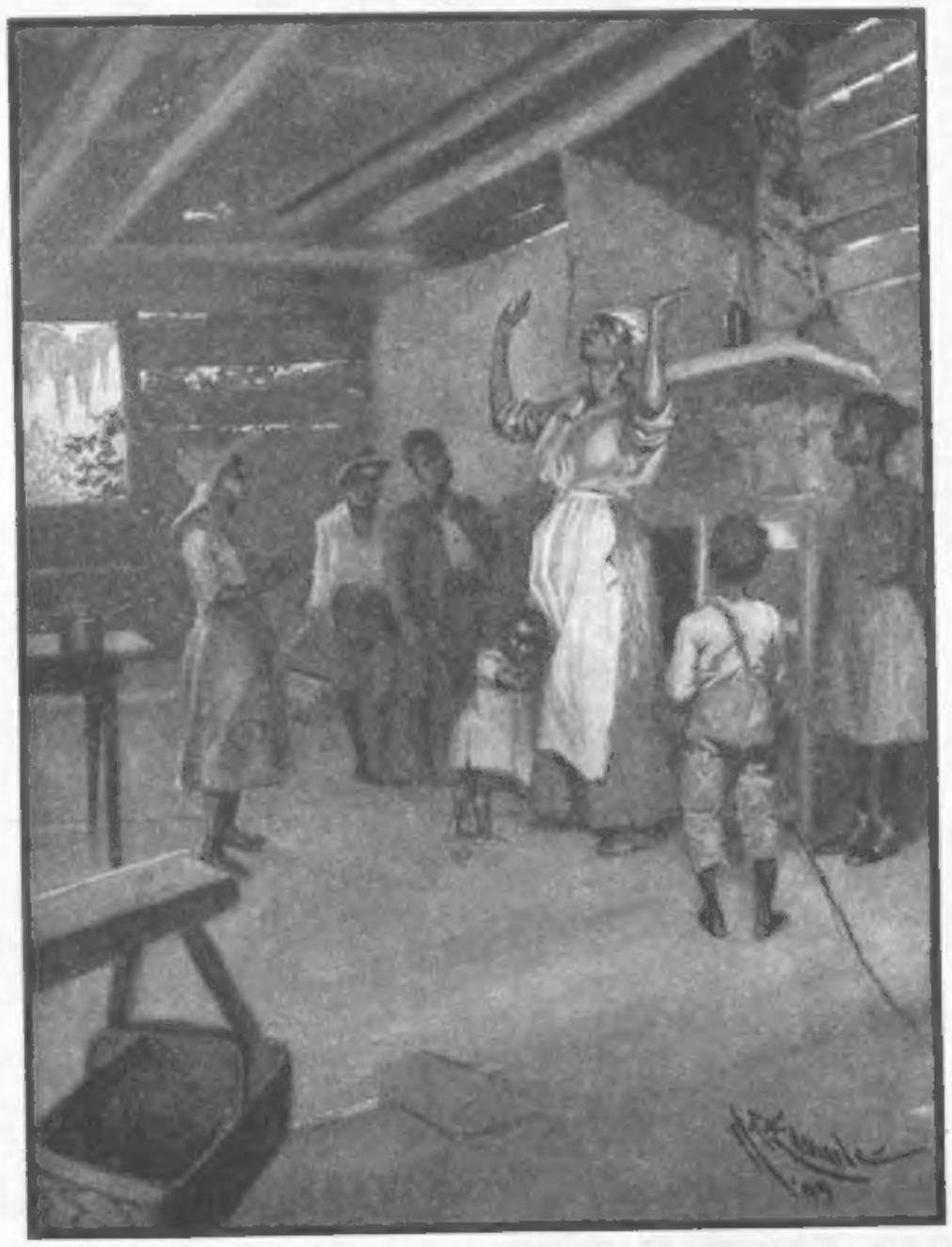
There were real services that Henry performed, too, without reserve or question. For one thing, he uncomplainingly carried home the wash for his ladye and collected her money, which he spent quite paternally for the benefit of the entire family. And, indeed, he must have come into the breach as provider, occasionally, for certainly the few chickens that sometimes roosted in a corner of the sleeping-room, laying an occasional egg on the bed, and picking up a precarious living at large, must have been brought in by his hand, for they always appeared after one of his absences between setting and rising suns "in the dark o' the moon," a popular suburban hour for the moving of poultry.

But Henry's special talents—after his ingratiatory gifts, of course—were those of the humsman and the fisher. Unfortunately he had neither gun nor dog, but he did add to the family pot once in a while with his rod and line. The only trouble about his fishing was that the places where perch and *saccolet* were plentiful were so far from his beloved that he could rarely make up his mind to go—Henry was a poor pedestrian—even though he knew she would reward his self-sacrifice by laying the best of his catch upon his plate.

Since his connection with her household had not arrested the decline in its fortunes at the critical moment when a strong hand would have saved the situation, it is not likely that it would have stayed the hand of misfortune even had it continued. But poor Henry came to a sudden and untimely end in Jane's service. One day he went out with hook and line, carrying the best of the family provisions done up in a tin pail for his dinner, and he did not come back. The last Jane ever saw of him alive was at the turn of the bayou where it led through the wood. Here he had stopped and, looking back, doffed his fragment of a hat to his lady-love and suddenly disappeared in the oak-grove. For a day or two, seeing that he did not return, and having no reason to suspect disaster, Jane was a wee bit distrustful of Henry, and she crooned a pathetic wavering plaint down in her throat—a plaint in which she told her tubs that she had "lost heart," and it was not until poor Henry's body was dug out of a pool beside a basket of dead fish, and brought home to her, that she recovered her heart, only to declare it broken. In his eagerness to secure her favorite fish—as well as his own—he had ventured alone into the quicksands.

Henry's funeral was a great event in colored circles, even beyond the bayou cabin which it brought into sudden prominence, for Henry had been a chief exhorter in Mount Zion chapel and an officer in its "Society for the Promotion of Widows and Orphans," an organization whose chief provision was for funerals.

It was a proud moment for the children when the plumed hearse stood before the cabin door and when they were all helped into the single carriage which followed it—the society's accommodation for its widows and orphans—and they moved away at the head of a procession of men with badges and women in capes and poke bonnets, all keeping step to the music of a brass band. Indeed, it was a proud moment for poor Jane even in her bereavement—for she was really sorely bereft in this sudden clipping of her romance in its full flower. It was the only one of her life that had suffered no decline, the others having all gone out by a gradual diminuendo scale. How much of life's glamour might be conserved if Fate always knew just when to bring in the funerals! For the rest of her days Jane firmly believed that in Henry Clay she had realized the ideal love of her life. Even though it was lonely and forlorn enough in the little crowded cabin after the funeral, her life was palpably enriched in the experience. In the first place—first to her in the freshness of her sorrow—she had found in it the hand-clasp of sympathy. The funeral oration, delivered at the open grave, had dignified her with a prerogative of grief.



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"BLESS GOD FOR FREEDOM—ANYHOW!"

Between Clay and the children the early bond had strengthened with daily comradeship. He had been uniformly genial and kindly, even patient many times under pressure, and his adaptable nature had lent itself to their innocent amusements with a playful ardor somewhat rare in adults of normal mind.

Indeed, between him and Jane's youngest particularly affectionate relationship sprang up in the long hours of the sultry afternoons when they slept side by side on the grassy bank of the bayou, and many a time, seeing the two restless from the annoyance of gnats or mosquitoes, Jane had left her tubs to fetch a bit of mosquito netting which she spread over their faces.

Even before the tragedy which jolted her somewhat roughly into a realization of her depleted strength, Jane had been many days far from strong. Sometimes she had even been obliged to leave undone part of an allotted task, and now she soon came to realize that she was never quite well. So, with scarce the tempering weight of mid-life upon her, there came a sudden sinking to the lower condition of those who do not rally and must needs accept the adverse will of fate. She soon saw that she must forsake her tubs and depend for each day's provision upon chance or the offerings of the season. There were some very important things which she got free for the gathering. There was firewood, for instance, and besides the various volunteer growths known as "greens," such as "lamb's quarter," and "pusley," and even thistle stalks—valuable for home consumption only—there were other crops which would always command a market. The blackberry season was not long, but it was profitable while it lasted, and even more so was the mushroom crop. Peddling was not quite so easy as it seemed at first, and Jane found herself weary and short of breath many days before her basket was empty, and there soon arrived a morning when, after she was entirely ready to start, she suddenly knew that she would not be able to walk the distance from bayou to town in the mud, and she stood quite still for some moments, looking absently into space. Then she slowly lowered her basket, took from her head the roll with which she held it in place, and sat down in her door, and presently she called her children and bade them stand in line before her.

It was hard for her to decide which one of the six she might best trust to find his way and to peddle the berries for her. The children saw that something unusual was on her mind, and they rather expected from her serious face that she was going to talk to them about Henry, and death, and about being good children, and instead of expressing their curiosity, they stood off from her in mystified silence. She had been somewhat different to them since Henry's death, sometimes talking in a way that, though it brought them nearer in affection, set them apart, wondering.

The question when they understood it was quickly settled by the children themselves, each of whom, excepting the youngest, insisting that he knew better than all the others how to peddle berries. She had not thought of sending them all, but it was a comfortable solution of the difficulty. One knew the way, another could count money. The twins took care of each other. Indeed, for that matter, each one of the six could look after every other one, and certainly the whole lot could not be lost. She tried to avoid sending the youngest, but his three-year-old lungs and arms were too much for her resisting-power and she was obliged to yield.

When all the brood had gone—the first time in many years when she was left absolutely alone—she felt that the very darkest hour of her life had arrived, but she was very weary, and having no demands upon her she soon fell asleep.

She must have slept all day, for the sun was low when she was roused by the children's voices, and she had no recollection of anything since morning excepting a glimpse of Henry, who had stood waving to her at the bayou's turn just as he had done on the memorable last day of his life, and seeing that she had not come to answer his signal he had started back to say good-by over again. She was sure that the footsteps she heard approaching were his until she discerned the young voices, and in a minute she was wide awake and the six were almost pitching over each other to deliver into her hands the small coins they carried. Each little brown fist had brought her one or more, and all the six tongues were going at once, recounting the day's adventures.

Jane never knew just how it happened, but it always seemed afterward that the tide of fortune had turned for her while she slept in the doorway that autumn day. Not that prosperity had floated in on a high wave, but while everything had gone out before, from this time on there was an incoming tide. Their initial step in bread-winning was the dawning of a new day for the children as well as for poor Jane. They had soon recovered from a native diffidence and found their tongues in the presence of strangers. They were not long in discovering that a very small piccaninny can hold an astonishingly tall horse or cat a great pile of grass from the sidewalk for a coin that, if it matched in size the boy rather than the task, was still well worth the earning. And they had soon realized the much more important abstract truth that they were themselves objects of amiability in general, and that there was room and to spare for such as they in the great world where there are always so many little things needing to be done.

During the days when Jane sat alone in her cabin—there were not many of these days, but there were a few—while the children went berrying or peddling without her, she did

her first abstract thinking—the very first thinking that had no conscious material issue. It was from her doorstep as she sat alone that, for the first time in her life, she realized the sky *as sky* and knew that it was blue. Many a time she had studied it before, certainly, but always with a view to its promise as affecting her work or her pleasure. It had been either "clair" or "fixin' to rain"—fit for drying or bleaching, or *not fit*. Or perhaps it had been "windy," or held "a rainy moon," which explained, in its suggestion, why her shoulder ached, or why her soap did not "set," or why a setting of eggs went wrong. She had not much imagination even in these days of physical depletion and spiritual stirring, but she wondered vaguely over the mysteries of life and death, and her thoughts, detached from earth, took questioning shape on a background of cerulean infinity.

When first her eyes found the sky—that is, when they realized the azure space—she saw upon it, whichever way her eyes might turn, the misty outline of her lover—her lover who had figuratively been *here* yesterday and was *there* to-day. But after a while this vision faded and she saw only the blue again, and she realized—though of course not in the stately English of the Elizabethan period—that there were more things in Heaven and earth than she had hitherto dreamed of in her philosophy.

She knew dimly, though she would have denied it even to herself, that her weakness was a vital break and that she would not be strong again. She knew, when one of the visiting women of one of the white churches came to see her, bringing parcels of old clothing and medicine and tracts which Jane told them she could read though she did not know her letters—she knew they considered her ill and not likely to get well, but even this she rebelliously concealed from her stubborn self. She appropriated the clothing they brought, lit her pipe with the tracts, and the medicine she generously administered to any of the children who might be ailing, with a fine disregard of its character or the prescribed quantity.

She was feeling pretty blue on the evening when the children brought in the news of approaching Thanksgiving—blue and rebellious—and when she heard the word she began to repeat it aloud as if she were trying to place it.

"Thanksgivin'! Yo' don' say! Thanksgivin!" It was in the evening after supper, and she sat with them in the doorway. She was rising to go to bed when the word fell upon her ear, but she sat down again. It had transported her with a bound into the far past.

"Come set down in de door, chillen," she said presently. "Yo' say to-morrer's Thanksgivin'! Come set down an' lis'n at me while I tell yo' 'bout Thanksgivin' in de ole days—in de ole *slave days* on de plantation—when we-all had to git up an' work ef we was well an' ef we was sick we stayed in bed—when Thanksgivin' dinner come to all alike—sick or well—workin' or no workin'."

Her tone was bitter when she began, but as she proceeded, describing the affluence and bounty of the old days, she finally lost the sense of contrast and warmed to her subject until the story was like a tale from fairyland to the listening children. It was an hour beyond the usual bedtime when she finally brought the reminiscences to an end, and the little cabin would have been quite dark but for the full moon that lit a path quite through it over the heads of mother and children. She was about rising again when little Jane, her second child, said, "An' we-all nin't nuver gwine have no Thanksgivin', is we, mammy?"

"No!" Jane fairly snapped. "Cert'n'y not; what we gwine have Thanksgivin' fer?"

"What did dey have it fer in de long-ago time?"

"Dey had it jes' to give thanks to God A'mighty. Dat what dey had it fer. Anybody dat's got a flounced frock to dance in, an' music to dance by, an' somebody to dance *wid*, an' a good supper to eat when dey th'ough dancin', kin keep Thanksgivin'! Dat's de onles' way we-all kep' it. Ef yo' wants to keep Thanksgivin' yo' got to have two things—someth'n' to be thankful *fer* an' someth'n' to be thankful *wid*."

"An' we ain't got nair one, is we, mammy?"

"No!"

"'Twouldn't do to keep Thanksgivin' on account o' dem ole frocks dat white 'oman fotched sissy an' me, would it, mammy? Dey ain't no flounces to 'em nur nothin'."

"Dey got a ribbin bow on de neck o' mine. I don' see nothin' ag'in dat fer Thanksgivin'," said the younger girl. "An' de lady, she say yo' don' haf to keep Thanksgivin' jes' on account o' what yo' got, nohow. She say hit's jes' *blessin's* to be thankful fer—blessin's like—like——"

"Like what?"

"Like, well, like *yo'*, mammy—an' like—I dunno what to say—like a heap o' things."

"I got a plenty to keep Thanksgivin' *fer*—but I ain't got nothin' to keep it *wid*," said the oldest boy, a twelve-year-old chap. "I been settin' here studyin', an' I done studied out five blessin's we got."

"We got to search back'ards to find blessin's, sometimes, an' I foun' *five*. We ain't none of us took de smallpox, an' it goin' de roun's—dat's one blessin'; an' six o' Muffly's chickens turned out to be pullets an' dey gwine lay eggs fer us—dat's two blessin's; an'—an' Buddy's measles didn' turn out to blin' measles—dat's three blessin's. What is blin' measles, anyhow, mammy?"

"Blin' measles? Dey jes' measles what don' come out, dat's all. Eve'y little measle is de same as a eye, an' when dey don' brek out dey calls 'em blin' measles—an' blin' measles, dey li'ble to kill yo'."

"Dat what I say, so dat's three blessin's—an'—I done forgit what de yether two was. Oh, yaas, I know; one was a *beautifullest* blessin'. It was, *we foun' daddy*—an' *had de fun'al*. Ain't dat a blessin'?"

"Ah—h—h! Well, I should sesso!" exclaimed the crowd. "We wouldn't 'a' got no ride nur had no music, nur nothin'."

"No—an' we wouldn't 'a' had no clo'es by dis time, I don' reckon. Dem ladies foun' we-all out by de fun'al—an' brung us all we got—but dey's another blessin' ylt, I was studyin' over, but I clair forgits what it is."

Jane had been growing restless for some time, and she had risen to her feet and was standing outside the door, the white moonlight full upon her. She had not answered the children for some time, but it was not from lack of interest. The truth was, she was fairly stifled with emotion. She had coughed almost constantly all day, and she had not been strong enough to stand the strain of the painful retrospect without great suffering. All her bitterness had suddenly come back to her, and she saw the utter hopelessness of her condition as she had not seen it before. She knew, as she had not clearly known, that her days were numbered, and her mental agony was almost more than she could bear.

Seeing that none of the suggested blessings seemed to make any impression upon her, one of the children finally said tentatively:

"An', mammy, we got freedom. Ain't dat *someth'n' ?*"

"Yaas, yo'—got—freedom," she repeated mechanically. "Yo' got freedom—*sech as it is.*"

Then, suddenly firing, she raised arms and face to Heaven, and presently she exclaimed:

"Yaas, chillen, dat's true. Yo' got freedom—*freedom*—FREEDOM! Bless Gord fer freedom—*anyhow!*"

Over and over she repeated the words, "*freedom—anyhow!*" walking with arms upraised, up and down before the cabin door. Then presently she stopped, and looking down upon the group, she said in a tone that awed them:

"Lis'n, chillen! Yore mammy got to talk to yo' sometime—an' she mought as well talk to yo' to-night—an' she wants yo' to lis'n good—*an' dos' forgit.*

"Yo' see dat white moon shinin' in de firmamint? Dat's de light f'om above, an' it comes straight f'om Heaven, an' hit's de same as de eye o' Gord lookin' down on we-all to-night—an' ef we looks at it *straight*, maybe Gord'll show us how to read our title clair"—this was to herself rather than to them. "An' wid it shinin' all over me, I wants to talk to yo'. I wants to tell yo' dat to-morrer's Thanksgivin' Day, an' we gwine *keep de feast!* We gwine keep Thanksgivin' in de cabin *ef we live*, so when I'm gone yo' all kin recollec' dat yore mammy set de table to keep Thanksgivin' fer *freedom!* Bless Gord to-night fer my *free chillen!* Bless Gord dat when dey go out an' earn a dime dey free to put it in dere mammy's hand! Bless Gord fer all de ole half-wo'e-out frocks de s'ciety ladies fetches in to he'p my free chillen. Bless Gord fer de courage He gi'e me to talk to my little chillen—in de clair moonlight, to-night. Yaas, babies, we is got someth'n' to keep Thanksgivin' fer——"

"But what is we got to keep it *wid?*" a timid voice asked.

"We'll keep it wid *what dere is*. Ef Gord A'mighty looks down on us He can't requi'e to set de Thanksgivin' table wid what we ain't got. Yo' all git up soon in de mornin' an' ketch a-plenty o' crawfish, an' mammy'll mek a pot o' bisque fer yo', an' one o' dem pullets 'll go in de stewpan, layin' or no layin', an' I'll whup up some eggs an' molasses an' sweet potaters into a puddin'—an' yo' all kin fetch some o' dem yaller niggerheads an' wild roses fer de table an' we'll shame de devil in crawfish cabin to-morrer. Yaas, chillen, I say it ag'in: 'Bless Gord fer freedom—*anyhow!*'"

She was much exhausted, and was obliged to stop and gain breath, but she had not finished. The children had been much impressed by her dramatic manner, but as soon as she entered into the detail of the proposed feast they had all begun talking at once, but she silenced them with an imperative gesture.

"Sh! Hush, chillen," she began, "hush, an' lis'n. I ain't done yit. To-morrer is gwine be a happy day—an' to-night mustn't spile to-morrer, but yore mammy's boun' to talk to yo'. Yo' see dis moonlight? Well, some day—maybe soon an' maybe a long time comin', but *some* day, *shore*—mammy's gwine up yander whar de moon an' stars is——"

"An' daddy." One of the little ones interrupted. She hesitated a moment. And then she answered:

"An' peace, chillen—an' rest—an' de Father's face in de Heavenly mansions. An' I pray Gord when I git dar to please, Sir, lemme lay down on a sof' mansion-bed an' sleep. Yore mammy is mighty tired, chillen. An' o' co'se, when I oncet goes I cain't come back no mo', so I'm a-talkin' now. Dat ole white 'oman what brung yo' all dem frocks—dat spectacle one—she's a good 'oman ef she is white, an' las' time I walked into town I stopped to talk wid her. She's a s'ciety lady workin' on de Lord's side—I done proved her, an' ef I was to pass up sudden——"

At this the older children began to cry, and seeing their tears, she laughed and declared that she was only fooling, and reverted again to the coming dinner.

It ended by her sending them all

Jane's Thanksgiving table was the first she set in the bayou cabin. It had been the family habit to eat almost anywhere, the children generally taking their tin plates on their laps or often even carrying them out on the grass, when they used plates at all, and so the table with its centre decoration of flowers immediately dignified the occasion as a great event. Jane had sent the older children into town early in the day, recklessly giving them several of the few dimes in her pocket to spend for the "biggest watermelon they could tote," and when she had cut it into long slices and arranged them so that emanating from the bouquet they should form a star, each of whose points almost touched the plate for which it was intended, the children's delight knew no bounds. They could not sit in rags at such a table as this, and so after washing their feet in the bayou they arrayed themselves in all that there was of finery in the cabin; some of it was tolerably good finery, too, albeit it was second-hand, and eccentric as to fit.

When the feast was ready and they all stood around the table, some one proposed a dance, and before Jane could protest that they could not dance without music, the whole six had struck up a tune, some drumming on the table with forks, and others with their voices simulating the wind instruments of a brass band, of which they all presently gave so inspiring an imitation that Jane, fired with the spirit of fun, suddenly caught up the edges of her skirts and began to glide through the figures of an old plantation dance, turning with many a bow and smirk from one to another, and occasionally calling one out and requiring him to dance with her.

It was a great time, and when she finally stopped she was so dizzy that she had to grasp the table a moment, and her lips were of an ashen color, but her eyes shone like stars.

When at last they were seated, Jane took the spoon from the soup-bowl, then, hesitating a minute, laid it down again.

"In Thanksgivin' dinners, chillen," she said awkwardly, "somebody is 'bleeged to give thanks. Yore mammy ain' no hand to pray, but—— Hol' up yore faces, chillen, an' shet yore eyes."

She raised her own face as she spoke, not closing her eyes but looking heavenward intently as if imploring Divine aid, and then, with a pathetic gesture of further appeal, she lifted her arms and in a low, half-frightened voice she almost whispered:

"Bless—Gord—fer—freedom—*anyhow*. Amen."

The Thanksgiving dinner was by far the greatest event of their lives to the children. Indeed, even the funeral sank into insignificance beside it. It was so unlike anything in their previous experience that it seemed almost unreal, as if it might be a dream from which they would suddenly waken. Even their mother was not at all like herself, and more than once the older ones, catching one another looking at her, had exchanged glances.

She ate little, barely tasting the food as if for form's sake, and when she saw that the children were nearly done she slipped away, throwing herself down upon her bed in the other room. It had been her habit of late to take naps during the afternoons and so nothing was thought of it; and indeed, when, before they had risen, several ladies came in bringing parcels in their arms, and they recognized among them their friends of the "Helpers" society, they would have called their mother to see her but that the visitors objected, knowing better than her children that their mother was ill and needed any rest she sought.

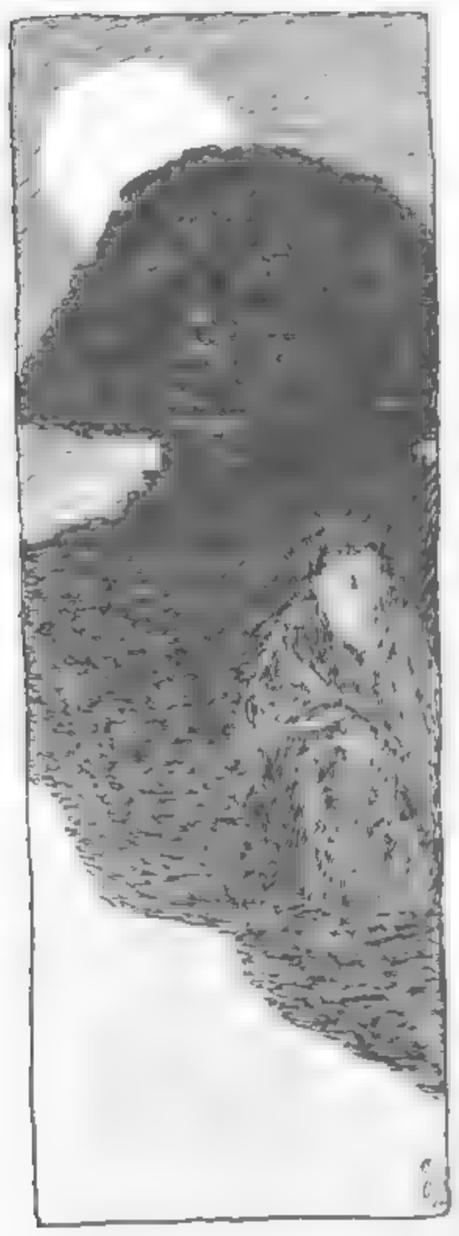
Although the table had still the festive air of a feast, there was something almost pathetic in the absence of anything like

(Concluded on Page 448)

The LYRIC SEER

By Edwin Markham

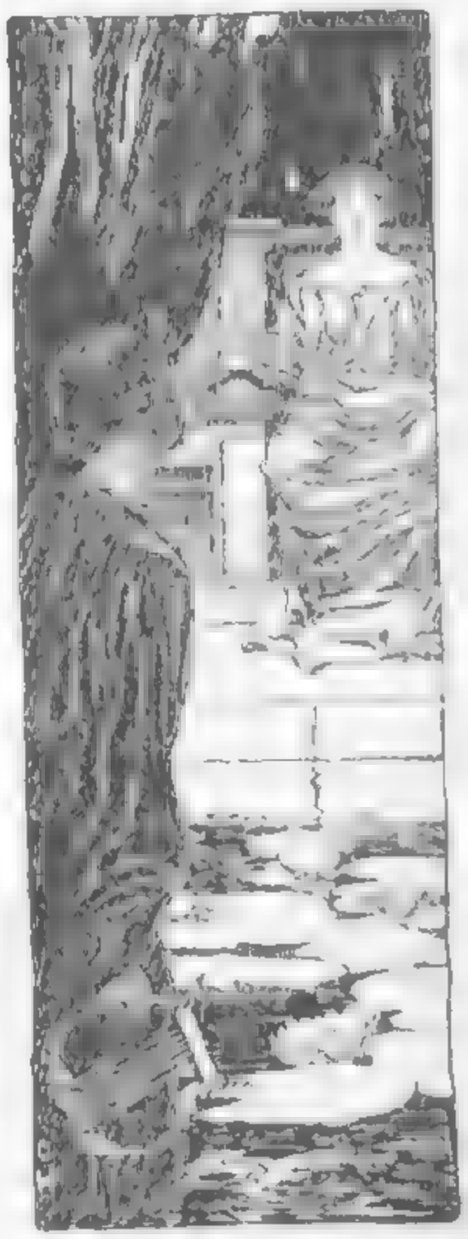
Author of "The Man with the Hoe"



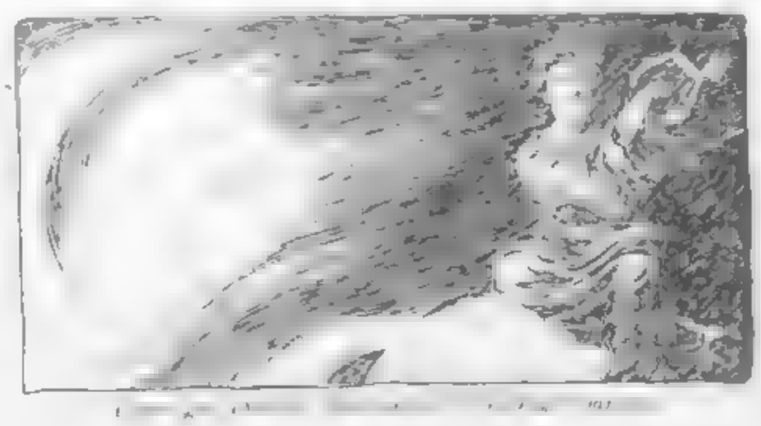
The poet is forever young
And speaks the one immortal tongue.
To him the wonder never dies,
For youth is looking through his eyes.
Pale listener at the heart of things,
He hears the voices and the wings:
He hears the skylark overhead—
Hears the far footfalls of the dead.

When the swift Muses seize their child,
Then God has gladness rich and wild;
For when the bard is caught and hurled,
A splendor breaks across the world.
His song distils a saving power
From foot-worn stone, from wayside flower,
He knows the gospel of the trees,
The whispered message of the seas;

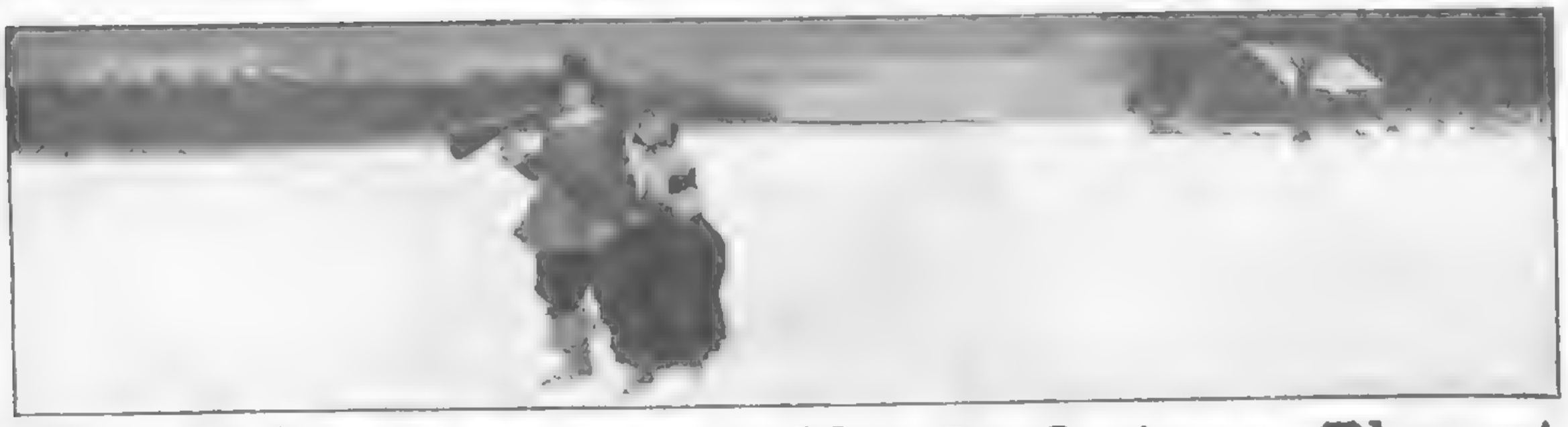
Finds in some beetle on the road
A power to lift the human load;
Sees, in some dead leaf, dried and curled,
The deeper meaning of the world;
Hears through the roar of mortal things
The God's immortal whisperings;
Sees the world-wonder rise and fall,
And knows that Beauty made it all.



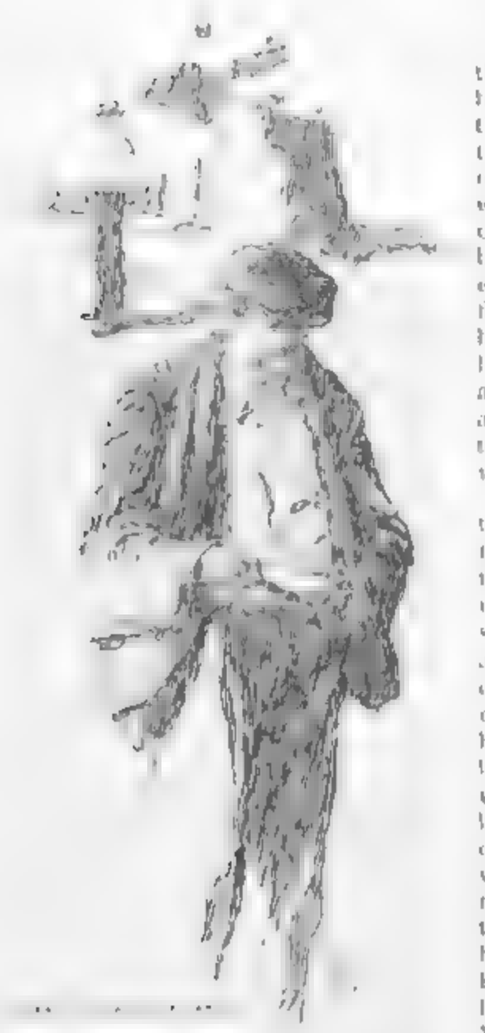
He finds the faithful witness hid
In poppy-head and Pyramid:
The Golden Heaven or the Pit—
He shakes the music out of it.
All things yield up their souls to him



From dateless dust to seraphim.
He walks the circle of the sun,
And weighs the planets, one by one.
He feels the motion of the sphere,
And builds his song in sacred fear.



At DAWN—A Tale of The West. By Octave Thanet



in his upward gaze was like a statu

THE freshness of morning was in the air. Early in the night there had been a shower, so that the country road had the delightful elasticity of turf. Presently when the sun should climb higher, it must be warm and the reapers in the wide harvest fields would wipe their brows and complain; but now the dew exhaled a delicious coolness and the fragrance of new mown hay blended with the song of birds.

A young man sat by the wayside, his eyes fixed on the east where the day was kindling its fires. He wore a shabby pair of blue army trousers and a clean blue and white checked shirt. His elbow rested on the little bank that was just beyond the fence, and his hand, brown but slender and supple looking, with good, unbroken nails, fell easily from the wrist. It was the hand of a working man, but not of a farmer. As he stretched out his long limbs there was a muscular ease in the pose and the throat exposed s—except that it needed the razor. A two-days' stubble of b ard disfigured a firm and cleanly carved chin also, and would prevent a casual glance from doing justice to his clear, olive skin; but it could not mar the liquid light in his fine dark eyes nor the shining of his white teeth when suddenly, in a robin's high note, he smiled with delight. The smile deepened as he gazed about

Some of the hillsides were tinted the rich green of waving corn, some showed the bluish and duller cast of oats, and some the yellow of ripening wheat; and between these vivid and sumptuous hues of a July landscape in Iowa were the infinite and exquisite half-tones, the neutral grays and browns, the silvery blues, the sombre green in the dense foliage of the elms and oaks that bordered the country road, the veiled green of the shadows on the turf, the veiled sepia color and gray of the shadows on the road. In the east, faint rose suffused the horizon, melting imperceptibly into a golden glow; but toward the north the cool skies shone behind the tree trunks like a silver lake. The low hillsides slipped into valleys with gentle undulations. The air was penetrated by the song of birds, tiny and melodious fanf of the dawn. Where the road dipped, a clumsy bridge of wood had been thrown across the hollow, but this, instead of a jar on the eye, had become a delight, so cunningly had the wild grapevine on the banks woven its greenery about the coarse trestlework, and so enchantingly did the elm trees arch above. The young man lifted his hat and let the wind stir his black curls. He was a goodly image of a man, but no goodlier than one may see in almost any considerable company of American workmen.

There is always in every street gang, in every crowd pouring out of a factory door, some young fellow, handsome, shapely, tall, with innocent eyes and a brave smile, who is sure that he will conquer the world; just as there is always some slouching, gray haired man with dull eyes and crooked fingers who knows that the world has conquered him.

The young man by the wayside felt no fears of his fate in the struggle. As he would have put it himself, he had always staked himself since he ran away from the orphan asylum, at twelve.

"Ain't it a pretty day!" the young man sighed. "Kinder day makes a feller wish he had some folks. Might make some men wish they'd got a girl; but I ain't that kind. No girl for me 'till I've got my pile and a start; and then I'll get one that's been to school and is a perfect lady! I know."

He was speaking to a man shambling past, who came to a full halt and regarded him as fixedly as his blinking eyes would allow. "Hullo," said the man. His intonation was different. So was he. He looked any age from fifty to seventy. His gray hair was matted over a bloated red face; he was unshorn, ragged and dirty, with every sign of the human derelict written all over him, from his dreadful hat to his horrible feet. "Are you Al Phillips?" said he.

"*Mister* Phillips, please," remarked the young man, who was now squarely on his feet and looking fixedly in his turn. In a second he caught his breath hard while two words came slowly from his stiff lips. He clenched his fists.

"Yes—it's me, Albert—you—you ain't going to hit me, your father's own brother!"

"No, I ain't going to hit you, you beast," said the young man slowly; "you're too old to hit, though there was a time, when I was a little boy, when I'd dream of licking the hide off you; but now I guess you ain't even worth licking——"

"Al," interrupted the other man, "you're right; and I can tell you, I've got more'n a licking. I have *starved*. Do you know what that is?"

"Thanks to you, yes," returned the young man with a flash of his keen eyes. "You ran away with the money my father left us, and it killed your poor wife, who was as good a woman's ever lived, it jest killed her like a bullet. When she found out how you'd left and who with, she flung up her arms and dropped on the floor."

"She'd a weak heart," mumbled the man, shrinking.

"Quit talking 'bout her. Ain't I seen her—ever since I read 'bout it—doing that in my dreams? Ain't it driven me to drink? To get away from her tossing her arms that way! And you come and talk of it! Look here, some day you may find out what it is to have a woman get your bare heart in her hands and squeeze your life and your soul dry; and then, after she's made a thief and a murderer out of you, kick you out of the way [illegible] you'll know [illegible]. I was making money. I [illegible] and [illegible] but make my head swim. I was going to marry her. But [illegible] good name and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and went to [illegible] reward? I've been kicked and cuffed and insulted, and had to take it—I who used to be decent! I've lived in fear of the constable. I've stolen and got pinched and served my time. I've tried to reform, too, and stop drinking. Yes, I have. Now look here; yesterday I heard of my daughter. She's at Fairport, and she's going to be married in three months. Look here, I want to quit drinking and reform and get some clean clothes and go see my little girl. I can, too. I can earn money if I can only keep straight. I haven't lost my skill; and if I could have some inducement in life and I could see her once in a while—she needn't know it's her father, Al—I swear I won't tell her. There's a doctor I know will cure me if I can get a little money, jest a little—twenty five dollars. I'm your father's brother and I was good to you once. I was down to the store and I heard 'em talking, Ned High and the rest, 'bout you; so I walked over [illegible] you don't need to give me the money, jest a note to the doctor saying you'll be responsible; and—I'll—pay."

The words trailed off into silence under the young man's stony aspect.

"I wouldn't give you a nickel to save you from starving to death!" said he.

The tramp drew the back of his hand over his brow. It was dripping wet and his mouth worked. "I hope somebody'll be as hard to you as you've been to me," he moaned in his throat.

[illegible] he turned, the other not answering a word, and [illegible] wearily down the road. "Jest trying to strike me for a big spree," thought Al Phillips; "I'm glad I didn't let him. I don't believe that about his wanting to see Lucy and she don't want to see him. I'd hoped he was dead—ugh! how he looked, the old bloat!"

His face clouded for a while, but with no doubt of his own judgment; youth is always sure of its moral positions; it clouded because Al was suddenly thrown back into a past full of struggle and sorrow. "She would have been eighteen now," he muttered. "My! wouldn't we have had nice times together." He sighed; then suddenly his face cleared and he looked up quickly at the archway and the bridge. What he saw was a young girl halting at the sight of him, in the sunlit space beyond, so that the effect was that of a charming picture in its frame of green boughs. She was a pretty girl in a pink sprigged muslin frock and a white sailor hat with a soldier's button gleaming in the white satin band. As she paused, her slender shoulders recoiled a mere fraction, and her pretty brown head turned to view "the tramp." There was a glint of the sun on the little curls against the nape of her white neck, a faintest flicker of color on an oval cheek and dainty ear, and the quick, startled but not timid glance of two blue-gray eyes.

He wished he had not lost his razor yesterday. He wished he had worn his other clothes. He wished—he jumped up to make room for the girl, who had passed before he could scramble to his feet. Then he wished that he had been nimbler. Slowly he walked in her wake. A scorching fear was on him that she walked so fast because she was afraid of him. His face burned. Unconsciously, he quickened his pace. She quickened hers until it was almost a run.

At this he stopped short, reproaching himself with violence. "Have you got down to where you scare girls, you

AIN'T IT A PRETTY DAY!

chump?" he demanded, thereupon walking so slowly that she lost the dull pound of his footfall She slackened her own gait. Perhaps it would be wiser to let him pass, she thought. Her errand needed haste, but her heart was thumping already. The young man divined her object. He quickened his own steps. "I will ask her the way to Gozier's," thought he. "Maybe, then, she'll see I ain't a tramp." But no sooner was he fairly opposite her and his opportunity than his wits fled, and he was barely able to lift his hat as he went by. However, he did not take himself to task, instead, he smothered a whistle and stared at the two men coming over the hill. One was his uncle; the other was a more villainous specimen of the same kind. "Maybe she'll see the difference now she's got a sight of the real article," thought Phillips grimly; but he fell back a little so that he could walk by her side. He was no longer abashed and shy. He spoke to her; but he kept his stern young eyes fixed on the evil shapes approaching. "Can you tell me the way to Mr. John Gozier's, please?" said he. One of the men, not his uncle, muttered something to the other; the other, his uncle, scowled at him in return and said something inaudible, at which the first gave him a glance of no good will, and looked first at the girl and next at the young man, whose hand had slipped back to his hip pocket.

The tramp gave no inch of the road; he opened his lips to speak, but the look on the young fellow's face caused him to think better and growl a sulky "Mornin'" as he passed. The other tramp made way for the girl, touching his hat. He did not look at Al. The two shambled past him, past the girl, and so down the road.

"You go on, miss," said the young man; "it won't hurt to watch 'em a bit. I'll stand here a minnit. You go on."

"I *must!*" said the girl; "I'm going for the doctor. Mr. Gozier's is the first house in the second street of the town. Over that hill you'll see the town. The house is yellow with white trimmings. You can't miss it. And—thank you."

"I'll run for the doctor, if that's what you want," said the young man. "It's—it's awful to want a doctor and not get him. Say, you run on; and I'll make sure those bums are off, sure enough; then I'll overtake you."

He took off his hat again. She lifted her eyelashes and nodded and was walking up the hill faster than ever. He turned with a smile to watch the two figures at the foot of the hill. "Oh, ain't she a perfect lady!" he cried ecstatically to his soul. "She's been to school, you bet!"

He watched the failures of civilization with a scowl until they disappeared on the bridge. "You need shooting; but I couldn't very well shoot you with a try square, even if you'd done more'n look mean!" he muttered, taking the little steel tool from his pocket and replacing it with a laugh. "It's jest as well they didn't call my bluff."

By this time he judged it safe to pursue the girl. It warmed his heart to have her look behind and almost nod to him. He ran now, as he had not dared to run before, exulting in his strength—she would see that he was no slouch—and at the end of the furious rush he plucked his hat off before her, breathing as easily as she. "Now about the doctor?" he asked gayly; "what's he for? where's he at?"

"Oh, how fast you run!" said she. "Yes, you'd better go, you run so fast. He's in the next house around the corner from Mr. Gozier's, the same side of the street, brown house with green blinds. It's for Mrs. Bow's baby. They're 'fraid he's swallowed all Mrs. Bow's strychnine pills."

Her words sent a thrill through the young man's veins. But all he said was "That's right. And instantly he was off, like the arrow from a bow. "How he runs!" breathed the girl, "and how handsome he is! He can't be a tramp." She turned about, for if she were not to go for the doctor she would better go back to the distracted mother. As she went she said, "I suppose I never shall see him again. Gozier's is right on his way."

But, nevertheless (for nothing is strange to youth), she was not greatly surprised, after an incredibly short interval, to hear his step behind her. This time she looked up at him frankly and eagerly: "Oh, did you get him?"

"Yes, but he was over to the right—Rudger's Crick, they call it. I had to skip over there and he went cross cuts, he said that was nearer. I guess when we get a mile or two down the road we'll see him ahead of us."

He had a secret dread that she might not implicitly trust his tale. ("Oh, if she was to think I was stringing her!" he thought.) But her grateful smile put him at ease. "I guess if you don't mind I'll go on over to Mrs. Bow's, too; I'm kinder interested to see how the little chap turns out," said he, elaborately careless.

"But haven't you business at Mr. Gozier's?"

"Oh, that can wait. I ain't due 'till seven, and it's much over five now. There ain't no rush."

tools and the other carpenter will be there." ("Maybe she'll find out now I ain't no tramp," he thought proudly.)

Her soft color turned as she said demurely: "Isn't the other carpenter Ned High, and aren't you going to build Gozier's store, and—and weren't you in Cuba last year?"

"That's straight, however you got it," he acquiesced delightedly. "I've been in Chicago; but I've saved a little money and I thought I could do better in the country, striking out for myself. I've got this job; and there's another man, Captain Barnett, wants an addition built to his house, but he don't want to pay anything."

She bent her head, and the dimples were deeper in her cheek; he wondered if he had said anything wrong, he wished he had talked more with girls; somehow they had seemed such silly creatures, always giggling.

"Do you like being a carpenter?" said she.

"I should say!" he cried. "It's a beautiful trade. I mean to be a real architect—maybe." He had never said so much before, except once, one night in the trenches to his bunkie, whom the sharpshooters killed the next day.

"I think architecture is beautiful," said she. "Of course you were at the World's Fair?"

He drew a deep breath. His eyes glowed. "Wasn't that jest like Heaven?" he breathed passionately. "I used to love it so I wanted to cry. I was one of the carpenters there. Say, I'd like awful well to show you some of the photographs I took. Maybe I'll put one into Gozier's store."

"I'd like ever so much to see them. Thank you, Mr. Phillips," she responded politely.

"How'd you find out my name? Oh, of course—Ned. My other name is Albert."

"I've a brother named—that." She somehow found the name not so easy to pronounce with those eager dark eyes upon her. "My other favorite names are Guy and Harold and Constance."

"I had a sister once, but she wasn't named Constance. Her name was Maria. She was an awful nice little girl."

"And she died?" said the girl softly. He nodded. "She had diphtheria, and she cried for me, but they wouldn't let me see her; so I climbed up into the window. I'd got her some fine hazelnuts. They licked me, but I didn't mind; they didn't find the hazelnuts, and I got them under her pillow. They was under it when she died. She was so glad to see me. But she—they wouldn't let me stay. I guess they meant all right—the contagion, you know; but I felt awful then; and when she died I ran away."

"Oh, but your father and mother?"

"It wasn't my folks; it was the asylum. My folks were nice people, but they died."

There was a little silence, during which he felt his lips grow dry. "I thought I ought to tell you," he mumbled, looking at the ground; "my father was a doctor, and he left enough money to take care of my mother and us, but my uncle had the handling of it, and my mother died and we went to stay with my aunt. She was awful good and kind, but my uncle ran away with all the money and that killed her; when she got the news she dropped dead."

"And you've taken care of yourself all this time?"

He laughed aloud in the sudden relief at the friendlin of her voice, but when he looked up he saw the tears in her eyes. "How good you are!" he cried.

"No, I'm not; you don't know how cross I get at the boys my brothers—when they plague me."

"I get a lot crosser when I'm bossing a job and the boys try to fool away time.

"Oh, it's different with a man. Although I don't think it is really different; we all ought to keep our tempers. Didn't you get cross in the war?"

"Of course not," said he; "at least only once, at San Juan. I was in the New York regiment, and part of the men ran. Our Lieutenant tried to stop 'em, and they knocked him down; I felt like murdering 'em."

"Ned High said you saved the Lieutenant's life, and his folks sent you a gold watch."

"They thought a lot of a little thing. They were awful kind to me, that's a fact. Didn't seem to think any less of me when they found out I was in't any folks."

"Of course they didn't," said she indignantly.

"Oh, well, it wouldn't have been strange, you know; but I guess my friends won't have any call to be ashamed of me."

"Of course not, I—I think you are real brave!"

Then, before he could answer for the exquisite embarrassment that tied his tongue, she began to talk again of the World's Fair and his profession, and she told him how she had once wanted to be a music teacher, but her mother was not well and she could not go to Boston to study. So they walked together along the shady road while the sun filtered through the branches, and they thought they were only talking of "things," but they were really showing to each other their own souls and taking their first shy steps into a new and lovely world.

"Love blows as the wind blows
In the crowded mart as in the quiet close,
By ways that no man knows
Love blows into the heart."

At last she lifted a slim hand to point to a little cottage, saying, "That's Mrs. Bow's."

"And is your house near?"

"Oh, no, we live in the village. My father is Captain Barnett."

"Is he?" said the young man coolly, "then I'll have a chance to see you again. I'm going to do some work for him."

"But you said he wanted it too—," said the girl.

"That was a long while ago," said he sturdily. "I'm sure we'll agree. Say, I hope the baby is better. Who's that at the window?"

"Why, it's the baby himself; I was feeling so guilty, talking to you and not hurrying more; and there he is. Isn't he sweet?"

The young man looked from the laughing little form held high in the window by its mother to the girl waving her hand, her face aglow. More than one emotion chased over his own face, and his eyes darkened. He took off his hat. "Yes, it is sweet." Then he added, "Say, I'm coming to see your father this evening. Can I bring along some of those drawings I told you about—that is—if you was going to be home?"

"Oh, I don't know of any engagement this evening," said she. But the light on his face as he walked away was reflected on hers.

He went no farther than the bridge before he stopped. There on the roadside sat his uncle. He looked at him, more than one emotion in his face, but in a moment he stepped alongside and met a sullen look with a kind of smile.

"Say," said he, "what did you say to that other Weary Willie just now when—when I saw you?"

"None of your business," snarled the tramp.

"Look here, I want to know if you'd have let that feller be sassy if I hadn't been here."

The other threw a foul oath at him. "Ain't you got any sense, you young fool? She was just the age of my Lucy, and I told him if he spoke to her I'd mash his face."

The young man nodded and said quietly, "So I thought. Maybe I ain't quite such a fool as you think. Look here, I'll tell that doctor I'm good for that twenty five, and—here!"

He had taken a shabby wallet out of his pocket and out of the wallet a banknote, which he extended awkwardly.

His uncle looked at him and said slowly: "Hank and me were going to burn down your new shop this night."

"You won't now," said the young man.

"No," said the old man, "I won't. And if I can't quit and straighten out, I'll kill myself."

"That's the talk," said Phillips. "You take it. Say, I—I kinder understand better—what you said—'bout women, you know, now I come to think of it. I ain't excusing you, but I understand. You take that bill and have another try. Don't you say a word!"

The tramp took the banknote. "I can't!" he choked; and went off smearing his eyes with his hand.

"I guess that's the way she'd have wanted me to do," thought the young man shyly. "I'd like to feel I was acting decent enough to be her—friend."

So he, too, went his way toward the golden east with its glow on his face, while she, listening to Mrs. Bow's plaintive narrations, or working about the humble room, all the while was seeing his face and thinking the vague, sweet, unspeakable thoughts of the dawn.

THEN, BEFORE HE COULD ANSWER, SHE BEGAN TO TALK AGAIN OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

November 25, 1899

$2.50 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

The Wail of the Worker

IT SEEMS impossible for the United States or any other nation to rise to prosperity so great and general that the grievances of all classes of workers shall be abated, or for labor organizations to secure employment and satisfactory wages for all their members. Capital is commonly blamed for this condition of affairs, but capital has its own troubles—its unexpected periods of enforced uncertainty and inactivity, in which men of large resources are as despondent as any mechanic out of a job. The many sudden changes of demand and supply are at the bottom of the troubles of labor and capital alike, with the important difference, in result, that at the worst, capital can keep the wolf from the door of its owner, while labor that has not been in close touch with the savings bank becomes helpless, hopeless and desperate.

Evidently the time has come for the so-called working man to go back to first principles by taking a hint from his country cousins, most of whom are "all-around" men. To know one trade or business, however humble, and know it well, is the duty of every man, but to know nothing else is as bad as to put all of one's eggs in one basket. Capital, despite its supposed serenity and security, seldom commits this blunder; when it does, we hear of enforced liquidations and the failures of banks. Aside from men who have become rich by inheritance and are taking care of the property bequeathed to them, capitalists are continually venturing into new fields, and are learning, by close attention and experience, to "keep up with the procession."

In like manner the inhabitants of the many thousands of American villages—men whose sole capital consists of muscles and wits—are alert for anything and everything new that may turn up. In the course of a single year they will work at a dozen different industries. The countryman who is an expert at cutting ice does not waste nine months of the year in bemoaning the dullness of his trade; neither does he who can earn large wages during the harvest season by binding wheat sheaves. When the country carpenter finishes a house and can find no other work for his plane, saw and hammer, he looks for a different job—no matter how unlike—to which his wits have already made him equal.

Sometimes this type of man, tempted by the promises of steady work and high wages, ventures into a city, but when work and wages end he cannot be found where unemployed men congregate to complain of the slowness and hardness of the times. He knows something besides his trade, and usually he finds some place where his knowledge is available. It is a fact well known to close observers that in all departments of business activity in cities the successful men are seldom those of city birth and breeding and of lifelong attention to a single avocation; they are generally men from the rural districts, who have learned to "put their hand to anything," and to "prove all things and to hold fast to that which is good"—so long as it remains good.

Should reverses overtake them—and no man "can boast himself of to-morrow," much less of a few days after—he does not lose his grip and grit and take to drink at the expense of his friends; on the contrary, he looks for something new, and usually he finds it.

The man of one idea generally becomes a monomaniac, and to that extent he becomes helpless; the man of only one ability is in a similarly dangerous position, especially if, as is frequently the case, he handicapped himself with wife and children before he had acquired any money or property to serve as an anchor to windward in case of a storm. The man with sense and strength sufficient to any one trade is physically and mentally fit to do something else; to have determined in advance how to use his faculties in case of sudden misfortune is to have acquired the best kind of life insurance policy—the kind that yields something while the owner is alive, not after he has died of poverty and worry, and has dragged his family down with him. —JOHN HABBERTON.

The man with the most money often eats the least turkey

Imperfect Sympathies

LAMB tried all his life to like Scotchmen, and was obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. Fortunately—for life, like chronometers, is constructed on a system of compensation—he drew from his deficiency a very reasonable essay on imperfect sympathies. I do not remember that he suggested a system for developing this atrophied side of humanity. I do not know that there is any. The man who should invent some way of making us like the Doctor Fells of mankind would be a benefactor of the highest order. I think it is a question of the head rather than of the heart. Imperfect sympathy is the cousin-germain of imperfect knowledge. Lamb—poor wretch—went through life miserably deprived of the subtle joy of liking Scotchmen, not because he was flint-hearted, not (of course) because Scotchmen are not likable, but solely because he could never parallel the Scotchman's way of thinking.

A simple truth, you say?

Every truth is simple, or it is not true.

You and I, who shrug our shoulders at the testy Boers, at the fierce little Filipinos, or at France—that Doctor Fell of nations—have simply failed to get into their way of thinking. Most men are honest, preferring to go straight rather than take to the zigzag road, and nations—made of men—are honest. The national mind works in its own way toward what it believes to be the best ideal. And that is the reason that war is not mere ignoble killing: it is the clash of ideals. Dewey proclaimed his ideals with shotted guns, and little Aguinaldo is brandishing his ideal in the jungle to-day.

War is merely an exaggeration of Lamb's difficulty to understand the Scotchman. Time was when Frenchman and German could not pass without barking at each other; now they are beginning to get acquainted, and a common knowledge is bridging over their imperfect sympathies.

Men go out on a strike; the "bosses" order out the troops, and you have that most absurd of all warfares—the criminal warfare of two classes of men who work. Imperfect sympathy, again, due wholly—if I may use a strutting phrase—to mutual incognizance. And now do you not see how clearly all this points to a defect in our system of education? In our schools and colleges we learn too many things that make for knowledge and too few that bring wisdom. Not long ago a young professor of Princeton College went out and tramped with the tramps, begged with the beggars, and toiled with the toilers.

He was developing his imperfect sympathies in the only way they can be developed—by getting into the thoughts of others. This should be the beginning of a new branch of college education. In time, it may be, the branch would become the trunk of it all. Books are all very well in their way; the humanities are admirable; but, after all, wisdom comes only from the study of mankind—and wisdom means sympathy, and sympathy means—that far-away millennium! —peace.
—VANCE THOMPSON.

Any ordinary man can buy a turkey, but it takes a genius to carve it.

The Falsehood of Extremes

PESSIMISM and optimism have become pet words within the past quarter of a century, and there is nothing so deceptive as a pet word, unless it be a pet woman, according to the pessimists—or a pet politician, according to everybody. We are apt to regard as dangerous every idea which, at a glance, appears to contradict our general or particular theory of life and conduct. Coming to a parting of the ways with a friend, we drop a tear at thought of his drift toward destruction, and at the same time complacently thank our own fine character for sending us up the narrow and safe path. Or, on the other tack, when the other fellow hits a great lead of luck and makes gold enough to clog a mint, we turn upon Fate and glare at it savagely, wondering why life is so unequal, so fickle, so prone to choose the wrong person upon whom to heap its favors.

Pessimism is rank selfishness, says the well-fed and comfortably housed optimist, with his slippered feet on the fender and his cup of fragrant tea at his elbow; he wonders how any living being ever for a moment loses sight of the delectable hills of the future while enjoying the sweets of the present. Optimism is the pretense of shallow imaginations, bitterly remarks the haggard pessimist, what time he shivers in his cold and cheerless room, nibbling his crust and thinking of how his one-time schoolmate fell heir to a million and is now reveling in Paris. The middleman looks at first it, to take the time it would require to reason out a philosophy. He is neither pessimist nor optimist; he is a worker, a fulfiller of destiny, a man with a wholesome mission.

Something has been recently said (or is it a dream?) about education and discontent. Well, the subject is exhausted, but the object of education should be to develop a man and a woman fitted for the work they are inevitably drifting to—the life-work, no matter what it is, of a being born for a place in the endless chain of human activities. The pessimists are mostly those whom a false education has hurled at a high target and found them too heavy for the charge. A lofty trajectory is a good thing if it lasts, but "coming down like a stick" gives a bump that causes incurable soreness and chronic disappointment. The man whose teeth are on edge shudders at the thought of acid; all apples look sour to him; and he hates his voracious neighbor who munches a pippin with gustatory smacks. What right has any man to pretend that a malic zest can give delight? But the apple-eater notes with indifferent contempt the abstinence and the grimaces of his critic!

The pessimist now bobs furiously up and demands what there is to say about the justice of a man having sensitive teeth. But then, is it unjust for the other fellow to have a thick dental enamel? Possibly if the former had been educated to take care of his teeth, instead of worrying over Virgil and higher mathematics, he could now masticate a pickle with serene joy; while if the other fellow had taken to dreams of being a poet, a President or a dude, to the neglect of his grinders, he might have been howling madly with *tic-douloureux* and heaping maledictions on the whole scheme of life.

One extreme exasperates the other. And, after all, is it a matter of temperament and accident coinciding? Or is it improper education? We know that much can be done, in training children, to eliminate dangerous tendencies. Patience in the study of character, bent, fitness, will open up wonders in the way of preparing a life for contentment and happiness. The optimist is apt to think that any person can do anything; the pessimist feels sure that every worthy person must certainly fail. Naturally most of our teachers in colleges and schools are optimists of the most pronounced type; they have a highly chromatic educational lens through which they see life. From their point of view none but scholars can be happy and successful, which, if true, is a good advertisement for the schools; but query: Is the educated failure, the collapsed balloon lately so full of academic gas, not really more pitiable than the lusty hind who whistles at his job of ditching? —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Prosperous persons who give only thanks will never be convicted of gratitude.

The Newspaper Personal

GREAT are the mysteries of the newspaper personal, and manifold are its travelings. Falsehood is said to wear seven-leagued boots, while truth is like a snail. But the newspaper personal is a wireless telegram that speeds on the air, swooping down in the morning journals and reappearing in the afternoon issues, spreading its contents to the gaze of the only true universalist—the newspaper reader. Nor does it die the quick death of the mushroom growth, for it goes on and on and on, and if it does happen to drop between editions it is only to find an instant Nirvana from which it emerges more gloriously fanciful than ever. As well try to catch the wind as to cage this fleeting thing. You are deep in thought wondering how you are going to pay your coal bill when the newspaper personal reports you in Florida; or your wife is having a hard time with a house full of company when you see her enjoying the gayeties of California; or you are fishing for the necessary nickel to take you to the office when you read that you are contemplating a trip to Europe.

A personal of only two lines has been printed in ten thousand newspapers of this country and Europe that a certain distinguished General now fighting in the Philippines is the most inveterate smoker in the American Army. He took the trouble to send in a denial of the fact all the way from Manila, and added that he never smoked in his life. How foolish! For all practical purposes he is still not only a smoker, but a confirmed victim of nicotine. The people have read it in the [illegible] and they believe it. When Mr. Morton [illegible] President on the ticket with General [illegible] he had flowing side-whiskers, and the newspapers of the nation blossomed in pictures of this luxuriant adornment. What matter that he was as clean shaven as a babe? The side-whiskers lasted for months and months, and it was only by presiding faithfully over the Senate that the smooth-faced Mr. Morton lived down the libel and returned to his own.

It is not only liberties with facts, but liberties with the sacred rights of the language that the personal takes. It "summers" people and it "winters" them. It lands them "in the midst" of unsuspecting communities. It will soon be turkeying them at Thanksgiving, and januarying them. Already it has Sundayed some of its victims, and the end is not yet. But possibly its most excruciating element is its condensing. A brilliant Napoleon of trade, conscious of success to which adjectives could do but scant justice, returns to his native town. He takes up a local paper and reads: "Mr. D. R. Goods is Novembering with his parents. Mr. Goods is a rising young merchant of Chicago." It is not much, but it is enough.

Knowing was that public man who said: "I do not mind abuse by the column, but Heaven protect me from the two-line paragraph." There are paragraphs and there are paragraphs, but the greatest of them is the newspaper personal.
—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Some people gorge themselves with mince pie and then pretend to doubt a hereafter.

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

THOMAS CULLEN MOORE

A Fast that Has Become a Feast

"God is glorified, not by our groans but by our thanksgivings, and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer." Thus writes a distinguished author, and in the sentence is the whole spirit of Thanksgiving Day

The day began far back in 1621, on the first of September, and for years the custom was more fasting than feasting. But as our blessings multiplied through the centuries, we came to the conclusion that the best gratitude proceeded from a full stomach, and thus, instead of the bare boards and the scant fare, we have the richest table appointments, the fattest turkeys, the juiciest cranberries, the largest, richest and most indigestible pies and puddings, to be accompanied very often by other things and followed by contests of skill and games which enlist the prowess of our finest physical manhood. Some of the churches have services, but few of them have ever had to close their doors on account of too much crowding

The National Thanksgiving Day

No day that we celebrate has a more interesting history. The first National Thanksgiving was proclaimed by George Washington on the third day of October, 1789, assigning Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November, as the date. He did this by the request of a joint committee of both Houses of Congress "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness." Washington bore out admirably the pious tone of its sentiments. In his first sentence he said: "It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor." And in the body of his proclamation occur such phrases as these: "That great and glorious Being who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be"; "and the Lord and Ruler of Nations." In his second proclamation for the next Thanksgiving, which occurred on the nineteenth of February, 1795, he used this phrase: "Sincere and hearty thanks to the Great Ruler of Nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguish our lot."

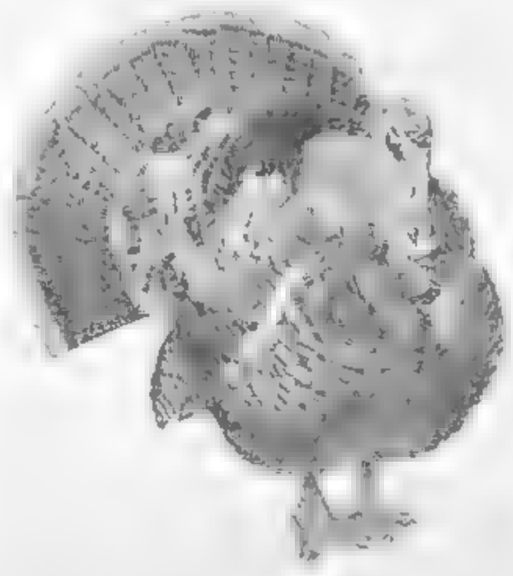
In many of the histories of Thanksgiving it is stated that the day was not continued until years afterward, when Madison revived it to give thanks for the successful ending of the war with Great Britain. This is a great mistake. Two of the longest and most fervent of Thanksgiving proclamations in the history of the Government were the work of John Adams, and the character of their piety may be gathered from a few expressions in them: "Father of Mercies," "beseeching Him at the same time, of His infinite grace, through the Redeemer of the World, freely to remit all our offenses"; "fervent thanksgiving to the Bestower of Every Good Gift." In his second proclamation for Thanksgiving, which took place on the twenty fifth day of April, 1799, he began as follows: "No truth is more clearly a duty in the Volume of Inspiration, nor any more fully demonstrated by the experience of ages, than that a deep sense and a due acknowledgment of the governing providence of a Supreme Being, and of the accountableness of men to Him as the searcher of hearts and righteous distributor of rewards and punishments," and ended by saying: "I do also recommend that these acts of humiliation, penitence and prayer, and fervent thanksgiving be united for the countless favors which He has continued to the people of the United States.

The Testimony of the Presidents

It has been pointed out by others that Thanksgiving is "a declaration that the American people believe in a personal God, who intervenes actively in the affairs of the world" Because Thomas Jefferson proclaimed no Thanksgiving Days, it is accepted by many that he was under the influence of the school of skeptics in vogue in the early part of the century. But in his message he said: "Our first attentions are first drawn to those pleasant circumstances which mark the goodness of that Being from whose favor they fall, and a large measure of thankfulness we owe for His benefits."

President McKinley's message is distinguished in that it is the broadest thanksgiving that was ever proclaimed—"a day of general thanksgiving," he said, "to be observed by all our people on this continent and in our newly acquired islands, as well as by those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands." There is in his message a distinct jubilation over the success of the war with Spain. This brings a very interesting contrast. After Jefferson had concluded the Louisiana purchase he gave no such expression of joy as we find over the acquisition of a few islands, although that purchase now comprises a very large percentage of our wealth, population and greatness. Naturally, after the war with Great Britain Madison felt like restoring the Thanksgiving custom, and he recommended that Thursday, the twelfth of January, 1815, be set apart as "a day of public humiliation and fasting, and of prayer to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States." Again, in 1815 he recommended the second Thursday in April to "celebrate the goodness of the Great Dispenser of Events."

For many Administrations afterward there were no Thanksgiving proclamations, but in all of the annual messages and inaugural addresses there were full acknowledgments of Divine guidance. President William Henry Harrison called Him "that Good Being who has blessed us by the gifts of civilization and religious freedom." President Tyler in his first message said "We are called upon by the highest obligations to renew our thanks and our devotions to our Heavenly Parent." After the war with Mexico, there was no thanksgiving offered for the victory of our arms, but President Polk's fourth annual message to Congress was both pious and grateful.



Mr. Lincoln and Thanksgiving

It was President Lincoln who restored Thanksgiving Day. In 1863 the regular Thanksgiving custom began, and the last Thursday in November has since been one of our national holidays. It is very strange that there have been persons who tried to show that Lincoln was a skeptic, and that book was written in the attempt to prove it But in their testimony they have carefully refrained from quoting his official messages. In his first inaugural he announced his "firm reliance on Him who has never forsaken this favored land," and in his last official address of importance there were in the four or five hundred words more than a dozen mentions and references to God and the Bible including this quotation: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

From Washington to McKinley every President has proclaimed belief in God

The Prayers of Enemies

In one of Lincoln's last papers he referred to the fact that on both sides of the civil conflict the people prayed to the same God for success and victory, and he said "The prayers of both could not be answered. Those of neither have been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes." This sentiment possesses a present interest because the insurgents in the Philippines are praying to the same God whom Americans worship for favor upon their cause. The latest pronunciamentos of the insurgent government are full of appeals to the Supreme Being for His aid in their battles. "While the insurgents still continue in the island of Luzon," says President McKinley in his proclamation, "business is resuming its activity, and confidence in the good purposes of the United States is being rapidly established throughout the archipelago." On the other hand, the insurgents claim that they are holding their own, and that they will fight to the last for their independence. With their trust in the Overruling Power, good Americans will apply the words of Lincoln to the situation and hope that all will end well, however long the way.

Where the Good Times are Found

For the blessings at home Mr McKinley expressed the amplest gratitude "Seldom," he said "has this nation had greater cause for profound thanksgiving. No great pestilence has invaded our shores. Liberal employment waits upon labor. Abundant crops have rewarded the efforts of the husbandman. Increased comforts have come to the home. The national finances have been strengthened, and public credit has been sustained and made firmer. In all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequaled degree of prosperity Churches and schools have flourished. American patriotism has been exalted."

Unquestionably the country is in a stronger position than it has been for many years, but there are those who claim that they are not getting their full share of the new prosperity During the first nine months of the present year, while the exports were thirty millions more than those of the corresponding period for 1898, there were thirty millions less for the products of agriculture. It is the manufacturers who are thriving most and whose increase of fifty millions made up for the losses in the general total. Of course it is held that the money brought by manufacture will finally reach the farmers, and this is one of the hopes which may add to the satisfaction of Thanksgiving Day

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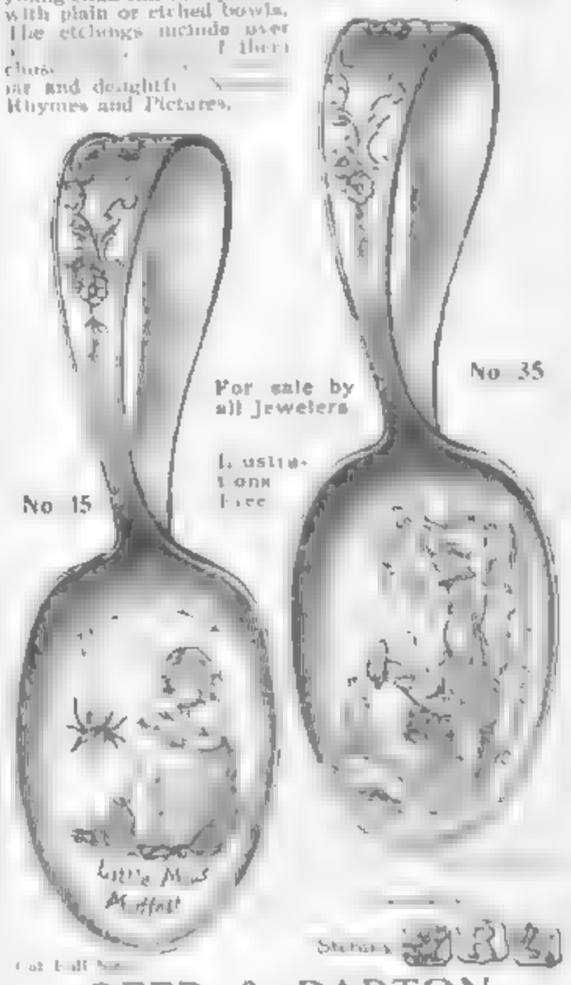

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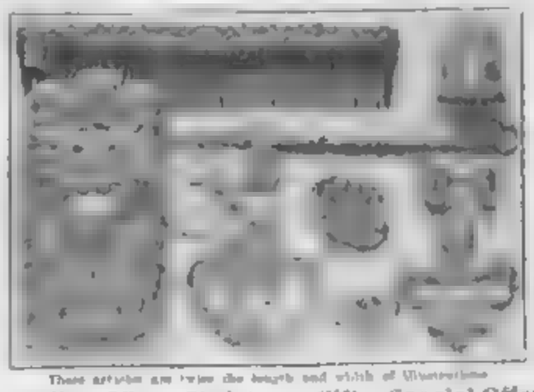

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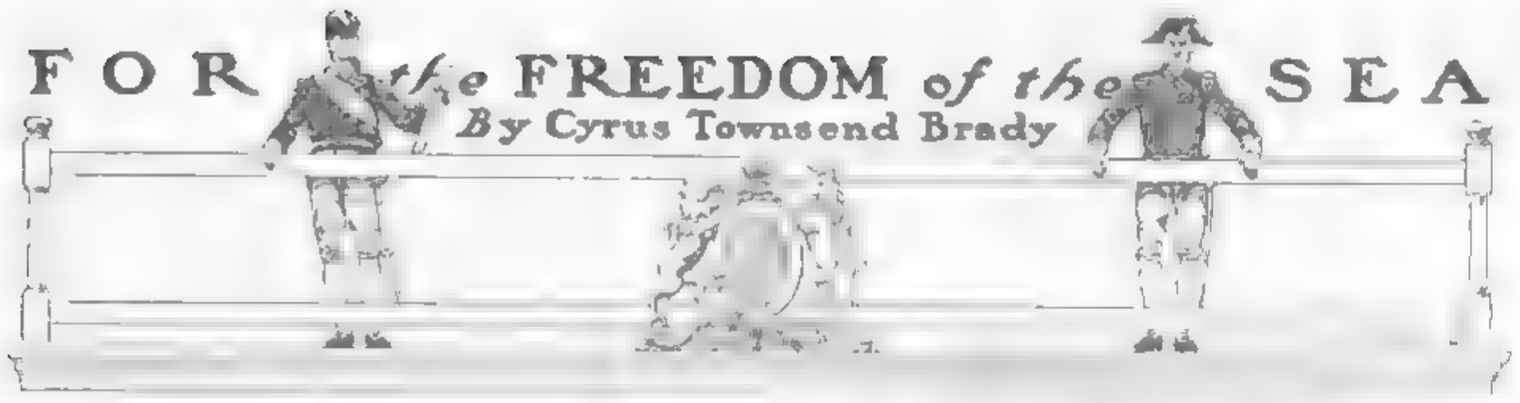
By Cyrus Townsend Brady



Thirty-First Chapter

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed, during which the Narragansett, favored by the northeast trades, had been steadily running to the southward. For days it had not been necessary to touch a rope or a brace, though, of course, exercises with sails and spars had been a part of the daily drill.

Fairford had been brought up in too thorough a school not to realize the absolute necessity for habitual practice to render the men able to get the best results from the delicate, deadly instrument committed to their charge. A born sailor like Hull, or Stewart, or Fairford soon becomes thoroughly *en rapport* with the ship he commands. Nothing manufactured gets so near to a man's inner consciousness as does his ship. There is such a sense of mutual dependence between them; the possibilities of action, though, of course, dependent upon the wind, are so unlimited that a ship becomes, as it were, a responsive personality.

A fort or field is but a piece of ground, chosen for certain advantages it presents and is rarely unique in the possession of them, but a ship to a sailor is the world itself. If she go down, he goes with her; the wide circle of the horizon shows him no haven but his own deck. If the fort become untenable or the army be outflanked, the position may be abandoned and another one chosen; when the ship goes, all is lost, the only alternative being another ship; and so it is that the sea warrior loves his habitation as no soldier does his post.

The excellent material of the Narragansett's crew had responded in a measure exceeding his highest hopes to the constant and fatiguing drill which Fairford had called upon them to undergo, and the results went far beyond his expectations. "Except on the old Constitution," the Captain was wont to say to Ludlow, "I *don't believe* a better or more efficient set of men ever stepped a deck"; but in his secret heart he made no reservations. As usual, a great emphasis had been laid upon target practice, and in rough weather as well as fair the men had been trained to shoot deliberately at a mark.

They had long passed the equator now, and had lost the Trades. It was blowing fresh, however, and the ship was booming along on the port tack, lying as close to the wind as it was possible to keep her, the weather leeches of the topsails lifting and the bowlines hauled as taut as human hands could stretch them.

Aft, on the quarter-deck, the two girls were standing surrounded by a group of officers. The heat of the day was tempered by the cool breezes of the evening. The full moon was shining beautifully over the vast stretch of water, and in front of them, high in the heavens, hung the resplendent glory of the Southern Cross. The moonlight's magic touch heightened the beauty of the ship. The sails upon which it fell gleamed like frosted silver, though they cast black shadows across the white decks. The two girls had enjoyed it all extremely. They who speak of the monotony of a cruise have no eye for the ever varying food for the imagination presented by the changing sea.

Margaret and Evelyn were both good sailors, and the pure air and unrestricted life and regular hours had brought them both into perfect health. The gallant attentions of the young officers and the unusual situation in which they found themselves did not allow the moments to hang heavily on their hands. In the daytime the rustle of silk and satin and the wave of the cool, dainty muslins, which Evelyn's most complete wardrobe gave them, seemed strangely incongruous as they brushed the massive guns or were outlined against the black and rigid shrouds and stays; but when night laid her soft hand upon the ship, the two women and their filmy draperies became a fit part of the picture. Sometimes, as was the case this evening, they made a grand toilette and appeared radiantly arrayed "to dazzle when the sun is down and rob the world of rest." Most of the unmarried officers were frankly in love with one or the other of the two girls.

The recollection of the past upon Fairford's part, and his natural modesty and timidity with women, still kept up the bars between him and Margaret. Indeed, that young lady made no effort to let them down. Now that they were together and there was no possibility of separation, she temporized with happiness, and day by day held off at arm's length the favorite of her heart. All of which was not discouraging to those who would fain break a lance in her behalf.

"You simply drive me mad, flirting with those young dandies"

Those who were captives to Evelyn's bow and spear had become aware of her engagement to her kinsman, but that only added a zest to their endeavors, and they were by no means averse to cutting out the fair maiden in the nautical sense, and cutting out the English officer in a colloquial sense, if that were possible; and Ludlow, who had by no means given up his long love chase, had no advantage over the others save that conferred by previous acquaintance.

The officer of the deck was standing at the [illegible] ing the ship.

The two girls and the others were on the weather side as far aft as possible. Fairford, in lonely magnificence, was pacing the lee side of the deck.

"I confess," said Evelyn, "that I never dreamed what a frightful thing war was until I came on this ship, and yet I cannot explain my ignorance."

"We are all equally blind to its dreadful reality till something brings it home to us, I think," said Margaret.

"Yes, I suppose so; but when I stood in the cabin below the other day, and heard the sickening fall of that hateful whip on those poor men's shoulders, such a horror of it——"

"That wasn't war," interrupted Ludlow impetuously; "that was murder."

"Whatever it was," responded Evelyn disdainfully, flushing at his ungracious remark, "I am not responsible for it, and had it been possible, I would have stopped it at any cost."

"Forgive me," said Ludlow contritely; "I spoke in haste, unthinkingly, as I should not have done."

"Women," continued Evelyn, "know nothing about these things, and, indeed, I think few men realize them, else they would be more chary of entering upon combats themselves, or of forcing their countries into war."

"True," said Berry, the ex-Captain of the privateer; "I have often observed that as a rule it is not the experienced soldier or sailor who brings nations into conflict."

"Certainly not," said the junior Lieutenant from the Constitution; "people who fight know what it is. It is the statesmen or the women who make the quarrels."

"Have you had much experience of it, Mr Harris?" said Margaret, looking into his youthful face.

"Not much, Miss Barrett; two frigate actions, a cutting out expedition, and some other little affairs."

"Mercy on me! and I took you for a boy!" she cried in surprise.

"I shall be most happy to have you take me on any terms," he answered, smiling, then repeated: "It is the statesmen or the women who make the quarrels."

"Not altogether," said Evelyn; "sometimes nations force them upon other nations."

"True in this instance, Evelyn," said Margaret.

"You know we had to fight or stand dishonored and discredited before humanity," said Ludlow. "Nations exist for the protection of their citizens, and the flag that flies up there at the gaff in the daytime, which stands for our sovereignty, must protect us. You disregarded it, hence we [illegible]."

"And can you find nothing to say for England, Mr. Ludlow—gentlemen?" cried Evelyn, standing her ground undaunted. "Here she has been fighting the battles of liberty for you and all mankind against the odious Bonaparte, and the country which should be her ally above all others comes down upon her back."

"If you had only asked our assistance,"

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30.

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said Berry, "instead of demanding and enforcing demands in the way you have done, disregarding the liberties of the individual so entirely, I am sure you might have had it."

"You have not learned in England that we are men of like passions here in America ——" cried Harris

"You mean here on this ship, don't you?" said Evelyn.

"That is one of the points of discussion between us. This ship is America—whatever carries the flag is our country, and your people will have to learn that we can no more endure oppression than they can."

"You take a rude way of teaching us the lesson," said Evelyn, smiling.

"We do as we are done by. 'Tis the law of the world," said Berry again.

"But not God's law. I am sure that is something quite different," said the girl gently

"Granted, Miss Heathcote, but your country is the mother country. What kind of an example does she set her daughter?"

"Ay, Berry is right," said Egbert, the surgeon; "we are children of the same father, heirs of the same heritage of free thought and free speech, and coercion is as great a failure with us as it has been with you, and so may it ever be."

"I admit all that," said Evelyn reluctantly.

"That's because you have been with us and know us better than the rest of your countrymen," said Ludlow

"Ah, gentlemen, I am only a woman, and I cannot argue with you; but I am an Englishwoman, and I am glad to say it, and the flag you love is not my flag, the cause you espouse is not my cause, the hopes you cherish are far from mine. My country may be wrong, but it is my country still."

"Nobly said! Well done, Evelyn!" cried Margaret enthusiastically. "What do you think of that, gentlemen all?"

"I grant that you have had some measure of success in your naval battles heretofore," continued Evelyn, smiling gratefully at Margaret, "and on this cruise as well; but do you know I have my convictions, and one of them is that I shall end this very cruise under the English flag

She said it with such assurance, standing so proudly erect, her handsome head thrown back, looking so much like the very image of Britannia herself, that the whole assemblage applauded.

"We are all captives of your prowess, now, Miss Heathcote," said Berry

"Almost you make me wish that I had been born an Englishman," said Ludlow.

"You will see, gentlemen, you will see; I feel it; something tells me that I shall end this cruise, as I say, under the English flag."

"I wonder what the Captain would say to that," said Margaret. "Blake," she called out imperiously, then realizing that this was not the way in which to address the commander of the ship in the hearing of officers and men, she modulated her tone, saying: "Captain Fairford, come here, if you please, sir."

"At the service of the little boatswain's mate," answered Fairford, stepping across the deck and bowing low before her. "Ever since I was a boy I seem to have been under the dominion of old Rhodes, and I suppose that I shall continue to be subordinate to my petty officers until the end of my cruising."

"Do you call me a petty officer, Captain Fairford?" said Margaret, flushing.

"Did I say petty? I lost a letter; I meant pretty officers."

"Did you make old Rhodes a boatswain's mate for his beauty, then?" asked Margaret.

"Not I; he hasn't enough for a Jack-of-the-dust; I gave him his position on account of his merits alone. If I were to rate you in accordance with the results of your ride and your heroic actions, you should be Captain and I your Lieutenant," he replied.

"We will all waive any claims we may have to rank, if the ladies will take command," said Ludlow

"Ay," said the surgeon, "let Miss Barrett be Captain."

"Not I," said Margaret; "I am satisfied with my present station. The boatswain's mate is the most important man on the ship."

"He thinks so, at any rate," said the Captain.

"Miss Heathcote, won't you take command, then?" said Berry.

"Gladly," answered Evelyn promptly: "Mr. Officer of the Deck, hoist my flag to the masthead, and sail this ship for England."

The officer looked aft in surprise

"We do not hoist a flag after dark. It's not regulation," said Fairford, smiling, "and unfortunately the wind strictly prohibits our sailing for England at this time."

Never mind," said Evelyn, laughing: "you will hoist it before you get through, or some one else will; and you will go to [illegible]"

"Will you take us along in your train?" said Harris. "Have pity on the poor prisoners of war!"

"Think what an imposing spectacle you would make with half a dozen prizes towing in your wake wherever you cruised on shore," said Ludlow.

"It would be stunning. I promise you I will do everything possible to lighten the tedium of your captivity," said she.

"Only let us see you once a day and we shall all be happy," said Berry

"I certainly will, for you have all been so extremely kind to me that I scarcely know that I am a prisoner

"You a prisoner!" said Ludlow, and upon his setting the example, the whole group, except Margaret, bowed low before her.

"Behold us all captives of your bow and spear," said one.

"Ah, gentlemen, the bow and spear are obsolete weapons, and you are not so much my captives as I am yours."

"Would that you were ours," said Fairford gallantly, Margaret shooting a suspicious glance in his direction the while.

"What, Captain, belong to all of you said Evelyn, laughing

"I called you over here," said Margaret severely to the Captain, "to hear Evelyn's sentiments and anticipations and hopes, not to present to her a slave-in-chief, sir."

"Of course," said the abashed Fairford before this reproof, "all things are possible, especially on the sea; those hopes may be realized, but it will not be without a mighty struggle, I think."

Then, after more banter, Evelyn said "Good-night, Captain Fairford; good-night, gentlemen. Are you coming, Margaret?"

"Presently," said Margaret; "I wish to speak to Captain Fairford a moment

"A ship of the line," roared Fairford, after taking a long look through the glass

Thirty-Second Chapter

THE other officers at once stepped down upon the deck below, some of them going to their quarters, so that the after part of the ship was left to Margaret and the Captain. They talked of the circumstances that made brothers and friends enemies, and Margaret suddenly cried

"Oh, I hate war I hate it I do truly. What's the good of it? At home we see only the glory of it, the pomp and circumstance and all that Only the men who are unharmed come back, and their bravery and the story of the fight is so fascinating that the people with their shouts of victory drown the feeble cries of the wives and mothers and children of those who have not come back."

"In my heart of hearts I hate it as much as you do, Margaret," returned Fairford gravely; "there is, of course, in every true man's heart the desire to bear himself brave in the contest, to fight and win the battle, to uphold the cause to which his sense of duty pledges him; and at the actual moment of conflict, I will confess that there is a mad joy in the mere fighting which takes possession of the souls of all men who are not cowards; but otherwise I detest it. I have stood upon too many blood stained decks I have had to tell too many wretched women that those for whom they were asking me would never return to them again, not to be willing to sacrifice everything but honor for peace. And yet war is my trade," he said, smiling sadly. "Out on this wide ocean probably there is a ship commanded by my brother. He may be seeking me with deadly purpose, as I would assuredly have to seek him did I know of his whereabouts. When I was at home last, you remember hearing Bishop Meade preach a sermon about the brotherhood of man? But it does not seem as if men could realize any general relationship between each other unless the ties are actually those of blood. And yet I confess," he added, his eyes flashing with light, "in the actual combat these ethical considerations are lost sight of. I fight for the sheer love of fighting, and strike because it is in me. Moments of repentance come after. You are a woman, and know not——"

"I can—I do," she answered, full of pride in her splendid lover. "That night I rode to the point, when I came to the bridge and saw those men and drove the spur into Clifford, I forgot for the moment that I was a woman. I felt as we dashed upon the bridge that if the whole world stood in front of me I would have swept it aside; though now when I think of it, think that I—" her voice sank to an awe-struck whisper—"that I may have killed one of them, that grief may have invaded some humble home with me for its source—I cannot bear to recall it

Her eyes filled with tears, and she put her hands up to her face. Fairford ventured to lay his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Weep not, Margaret," he said tenderly, "it was for our country—for our cause you did it."

"I did not," she said, sobbing, taken off her guard somewhat; "I did it for——"

"For what, Margaret?" he asked, bending eagerly forward

"For fun," she answered lamely; she had almost betrayed herself. With quick alarm she hastened to recover her lost ground, and with a thrill almost of terror she tried to

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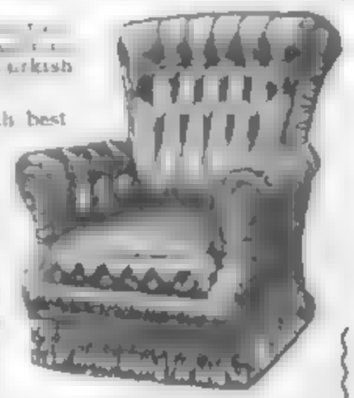

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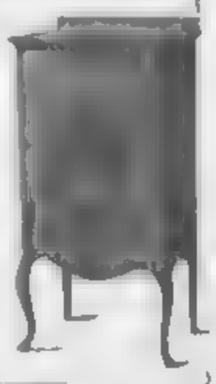

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hold back a renewal of the appeal which she saw was trembling on his lips

"Oh, Margaret," he said, "can it be that you rode for us—for me?

"Not at all; certainly not,' she answered promptly. "I went because father said I might, and I wished to take a ride; and then Clifford had not been out for so long——

"A ride that black night! Margaret, Margaret," he said, smiling joyously

"Why not, sir? I like to ride in the night," she answered ingenuously

That's nonsense, my dear. Admit that you did it for——

"Nonsense, is it? I was just about to—— Oh, you can be so hateful. I'd never do it again, never. I would not ride across the street for you at noonday now," she answered crossly

Tell me, Margaret," he said, seizing

Well, you are, then; or rather you are not loved at all, so you have your desire," she replied most untruthfully, making a move to leave him; but he would not be denied, so he made the plun.

Only hear me a moment before you go, I beg of you. The pent-up feelings of the years which have passed since I saw you overwhelm me. Though my fate trembl upon your answer, I needs must have it Nay, only listen; there is stimulus enough in your very presence. As you stand there, beautiful in the moonlight, so you have stood by me in many a night watch, so you have visited me in dreams of hope and happiness and love. No needle ever turned to its pole with the fidelity and persistency with which my heart fixes itself upon you. And when I see you after all you have done for us, for the ship, for me—why, this ship is yours by right of conquest, as we are yours as well—when I think that the airy substance of my

Margaret," he whispered, "dearest, speak to me."

She did not wish to speak herself, but rather to hear his own voice telling the delicious tale again, and so she lingered in expectant silence, making no answer. Suddenly he dropped her hand and released her

Very well, then, I understand your silence," he said sadly, having missed his fate because he had failed to put it to the final test. She actually laughed at him There was bitterness and scorn and disappointment in that musical laugh, but he could not read it

"When you next cut out a ship, or a woman, Blake, do it more boldly," she said

"Margaret, do you mean——

"I mean nothing more The hour is late, I must go. Meanwhile, consult some of your officers and learn of them how——"

Margaret, I wish," he said, "that you had some flowers now, that I might beg again for the rose which I refused. What a fool I was!"

"You wouldn't get it," answered Margaret proudly, though at that very moment, folded in the least brotherly of his letters, it lay against her heart; "I do not proffer my favors a second time to any one. Dick would have taken it, I am sure, though he already had one I gave him

Her answer stung h

Possibly Evelyn would have given me one if I had asked her," he said with rising spirit.

No doubt," said Margaret; "you would better go below and ask her now It will be a good thing for you, Captain Fairford, to have a friend at court when your old ship is captured, as she says it will be. I wish I had never lighted that light, and lost poor Clifford. He never crossed me nor flirted with any one

He always loved me, and I liked him better than the whole ship and you too," she went on viciously "No, don't touch me. I am going to my cabin, sir."

THE CONVERSATION WAS CARRIED ON UNDER DIFFICULTIES

her hand, "are you—did you—did you ever love Dick?"

"Love him? Certainly I did

He dropped her hand as if it had stung him, his feelings tumbling toward zero at the same time; but he was so madly in love with this small bundle of contradictions and inconsistencies standing so imperiously before him that he could contain himself no longer He must have it out again

"You were not engaged to him, were you?"

"No; I was not," she answered. "He reluctantly speaking was engaged to

With a sigh of relief Fairford ejaculated

"Oh, you loved him as a sister, then?

"Not at all, sir; I love you as a sister, and it's not the same thing, I assure you"

She was bent on humiliating him then, she always was, he thought. Well, he would show her the victim was ready. "Isn't it? I am glad of it I want to be loved in a unique way, or not at all

vision is here embodied before me that I have but to take a step to touch you

He suited his actions to the words of his low, impassioned whisper. He seized her trembling hands. They stood in the deep shadow of the sail. His arm stole about her waist. He was so strong and so handsome, towering there above her, his voice was vibrant with his feelings, she could almost hear his heart beat as he drew her to him Where was her reserve, her maidenly hesitation? Like a charmed bird she found herself inadequate for resistance. The gentle pitch of the ship swinging to and fro, the soft sigh of the breeze, the splash of breaking waves about the bow, his words with the thrilling, passionate cadence—all added to the glamour of the moment. Another moment and it would all be over

Terrified at his own daring, he hesitated It was fatal to his hopes. Why didn't he go on? How could he be so foolish as to stop then? she thought. It is not only the woman who hesitates who is lost

determined not to lose his rare opportunity

Margaret, don't speak so to me. You must know how devotedly I love you You simply drive me mad, flirting so outrageously with those young dandies——

Is this the manner in which you refer to the officers you have the honor to command, sir?"

"Oh, they are good enough as officers

"They are excellent as lovers, as well" answered Margaret. "I am quite satisfied with them, and I can speak with authority, I assure you, sir

'Will you never hear reason——"

"Is it speaking to me now?" she said provokingly.

How ridiculous," he went on, "to be thus thwarted upon my own quarter-deck by such a chit of a girl

Chit of a girl!" said Margaret, opening her eyes to their fullest extent and stamping her foot in anger; "I'd have you to know, Captain Fairford—stand aside, sir," and she swept past him, head in the air, and descended to her cabin

Oh, Margaret, Margaret, rare, pale Margaret, what a different story would your little, throbbing heart have told had it spoken truly

Thirty-Third Chapter

THE squall on the quarter deck of the evening before was but a precursor of bad weather outside, for the next morning the Narragansett ran into a succession of heavy easterly gales which severely tried the endurance of the new and unsettled ship She was carefully watched by the officers, however.

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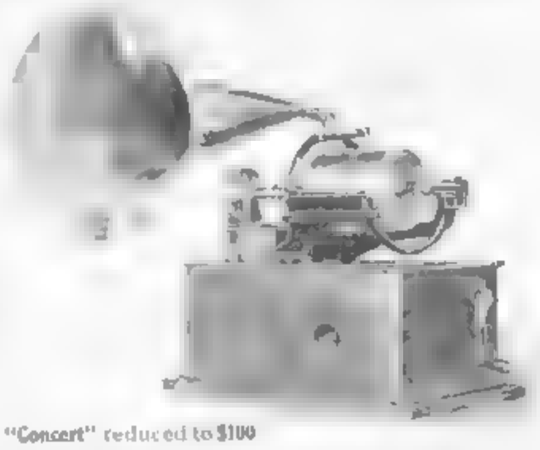

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and everything having been made snug to secure, under her three topsails close reefed and the forestaysail she labored and pitched along toward the south.

It was dreary and miserable for the two girls, who passed most of their time shut up in their cabin. The driving rain and the sheets of spray cut up by the wind rendered it very unpleasant for them to stay on deck, and the pitching and rolling of the ship made it impossible for them to keep their footing when they did go there.

The possible contingencies which might arise, and the arduous duties and increased watchfulness demanded by the situation, kept all the officers, from the Captain down, fully occupied and in a state of extreme tension. The gale, instead of abating, after two days blew so hard that the limited canvas was further reduced, and under a close-reefed maintopsail and storm staysail the good ship plunged along. If it blew any stronger they would be compelled to lie to and wait until the storm broke.

Since the night of the last quarrel, Fairford's intercourse with Margaret had been of the most formal and ceremonious character. When the two girls and himself met together in his cabin he naturally devoted himself more particularly to Evelyn than to Margaret, and although the latter was perfectly aware that she possessed all of Fairford's heart, she resented even his passing attentions to her English friend—attentions, by the way, which filled Ludlow with jealousy and anxiety, and caused that erstwhile cheerful and gallant young officer to look upon life as a very gloomy thing.

Evelyn had no intention whatever of rewarding in any way the obstinate desires of Ludlow; *au fond*, her heart was true to Heathcote, but Heathcote was far away, and she had become habituated to the attentions of Ludlow, and, looking upon him as her exclusive property, had unconsciously given him ground for hope. Had Heathcote been out of the running, Ludlow would undoubtedly have captured the prize. He realized this acutely, and hoping that something would turn up in his favor, continued the pursuit and chafed bitterly at his Captain's devotion to Evelyn. Evelyn was devoted to Margaret, but it was not in human nature not to enjoy the situation; so the little party played at cross purposes again, with everybody desperately unhappy except Evelyn.

On the morning of the third day after the storm began the wind shifted and gradually fell, and the weather moderated sufficiently to allow the ship to be laid to her course again on the starboard tack. It was still blowing a heavy gale, but the fiercest period of the storm was over.

The two girls, after a cold breakfast, had taken advantage of the slight lull to go on deck. Wrapped in stout boat-cloaks, with snug hoods upon their heads, they were safely ensconced in a sheltered nook in the lee of the bulwarks on the quarter-deck and in front of the break of the poop. Happiness was in Ludlow's heart, for he stood near Evelyn. The frightful pitching of the ship rendered locomotion difficult to any one, and to the inexperienced impossible; so she was forced to remain where he placed her, and from time to time to cling to him for support. Margaret, in default of the Captain, who was gloomily regarding the ocean from the weather side of the poop above them, was forced to put up with the attention of Mr. Berry. She was thoroughly repentant now of her treatment of Fairford, and longed to hear again his impassioned protestations. She had made several timid overtures, which had met with no response. That very morning, as they came through the cabin door, she had looked up at him, looking down upon them from above, and by a glance and a gesture had invited him to become her protector in the storm, an invitation which had been promptly refused on the plea of the exigency of duties connected with the ship. She did not like to be crossed in her wishes any more than any other woman would, and her present feelings were divided between a burning indignation at his rather curt refusal to pay any attention whatever to her suggestion and a longing desire, as she phrased it in her mind, to be friends again—though friends was hardly the proper word.

The rain had ceased, but the day had broken gloomy and foreboding. Gray, heavy-laden clouds hung low over the heavens, and beneath them lighter mists went scurrying along in ghost-like masses under the drive of the fierce wind. They were far south of the tropics now, and had been driven far to the westward of their course by the storm they had encountered, and in the month of November the damp weather had a chill bite to it that defied their heaviest wraps.

No lookouts were aloft in such weather, and, therefore, an approaching sail was not detected as soon as it would have been under ordinary circumstances, and no notice was taken of it until it was sighted simultaneously by half a dozen men upon the deck in different parts of the ship.

The cry "Sail ho!" mingled with the screaming wind apparently from every direction.

When it was borne to the ears of the two maidens on the quarter-deck that a sail had been sighted, nothing would do but that they must be taken to the poop deck, which was higher and not surrounded by bulwarks.

Not a sail had been seen for weeks, and they had been sailing for many days through a lonely and unfrequented part of the ocean, through which, by the way, one of the most memorable cruises of all history had been made—the desperate voyage of Vespucci and his companions three hundred years before to the desolate island of South Georgia.

When they had struggled up the ladders, assisted by the officers, and had reached the poop deck, they were almost swept from their feet by the unbroken force of the cold and cutting wind. A place to stand, of course unsheltered, was soon found for them on the weather side of the deck, and a few turns of rope cast off from the pin-rail secured them to the mizzen shrouds standing out rigid and taut like iron bars under the tremendous pressure of the wind upon the topsail.

Fairford had slowly and carefully mounted to the rail, and he stood with his arms clasped around the shrouds, looking out at the sail to leeward. Ludlow and Berry were still attendant upon the two girls.

"I see her now!" suddenly cried Margaret, blinking in the wind and clinging to Berry in spite of the lashing; "what a little ship!"

"Where?" said Evelyn.

"Off here.

"Oh, of course. Isn't it tiny?"

"That's a great ship, Miss Heathcote," said Ludlow, still holding her by the arm.

"Yes," added Berry, "a heavy frigate."

The conversation was carried on under difficulties. They were almost required to shout on account of the noise of the storm.

"A ship of the line!" roared Fairford, bending down toward them after taking a long look through the glass.

In a short time it was seen that the Captain's surmise was correct. The approaching vessel was a very large ship, with the same sail set as their own, and with the wind on the quarter, going free. She was followed at different intervals by a second, then a third ship, and then, as the day wore on, the Narragansett, sailing parallel to, though in a different direction from, the other ships, brought into view in succession a small fleet or squadron of seven heavy ships of the line, three frigates and a brig. When she came abreast of the rear of the line the van was far ahead. The ships were beautifully handled, and in spite of the weather had kept their places with remarkable accuracy.

The Narragansett, changing her course slightly after having brought the leading ships well astern, was slowly swinging in toward the rear of the fleet. Fairford had seen the futility of sending the crew to quarters, and the ship presented her usual appearance save that everybody was on deck. The forecastle was crowded with observers, and every point of vantage occupied by the eager watchers.

"What ships are those?" screamed Evelyn in Ludlow's attentive ear.

"An English fleet; probably homeward bound from the Cape of Good Hope, and blown far out of their course by the gales."

"How splendid is the sight!" cried Evelyn triumphantly. "You will, of course, surrender now. What can this puny ship do against yon mighty fleet? I shall go back home under the English flag."

"Blake, do you hear her?" cried Margaret fiercely, as he sprang down upon the deck beside her. "Why do you not send the men to the guns? Are you going to be taken without a shot?"

She stamped her foot with all the pride of race and nation.

"Resistance would be futile if it were possible," cried Fairford; "but under these circumstances force is not necessary. No battle can be fought in such a sea. The only gun which could reach us would be from the main-deck battery of the liners, and to open a port now upon one of those ships would be to sink her."

The little party had drifted over to the lee side, the other ships now being in plain view from any point, and conversation was not quite so difficult.

"They are too far away for the carronades to be of any value, and musket and rifle shots would be useless and wanton. If they killed any one I should call it murder," said Ludlow.

"I shall be very much mistaken, however, if we do not get a fight out of some one of them in the end, when the storm has somewhat abated," said Berry eagerly.

"At any rate, it won't be because I did not give them an opportunity," cried Fairford.

"What a splendid picture of power they make; not a single flag flying, either. Quartermaster," he continued, "show a flag aloft there."

In obedience to his orders a small storm flag was soon whipping and flapping from the gaff end, which was immediately responded to by the red flag of England from a similar spar upon the last and largest ship of the line.

Simultaneously the three frigates to leeward hoisted their colors. The Narragansett was not more than a thousand yards distant from the nearest English ship, the officers upon her quarter-deck being plainly visible through the glass.

Among the belongings of Captain Cunningham, when the Narragansett was cut out, had been the official British signal book and navy list, with the numbers of the different ships, each one being distinguished by her own allotted number. As soon as they had flown their flags, each one of the three frigates hoisted a set of signals. Sending a midshipman below to his cabin for the signal book, Fairford easily made the numbers seven, nine, three; turning to the book, he translated the code [illegible].

"The enemy [illegible] aloud to the [illegible] on the deck.

"Ah, they are signaling for permission to chase," explained Ludlow to those at his side.

"They will find that we are not very good at running away, sir," replied Berry confidently, "unless the whole fleet takes a hand in the pursuit."

"Quite so," said Ludlow, "though I am afraid when we get the captured English officers on board Miss Heathcote will forget us."

"I wouldn't worry about that just at present, if I were you," said Evelyn; "I see no prospect of your getting away, though."

"If you are captured, Blake," said Margaret, "I'll never——"

"Never what?"

"I'll never save another ship for you," she replied.

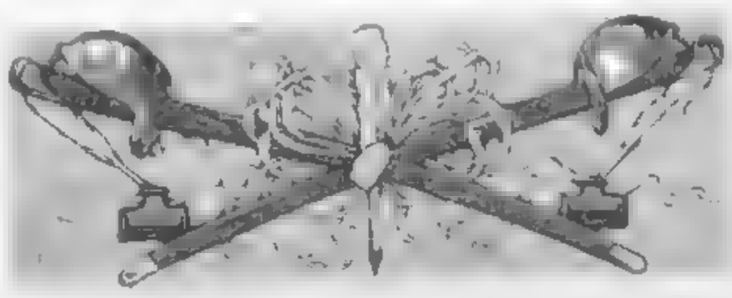
"This one is enough, thank you, [illegible] nobody is captured yet, nor likely to be to-day, at any rate. Ah, there go the answering signals from the flagship. Let me see, the distinguishing pennant and some more numbers. That'll be a ship's number, and we'll see who is to chase us. Two, fifty-four. We'll have a fight surely. The flagship has signaled a frigate to chase us."

"Which one?" cried Margaret impulsively.

"I am looking for it now in the list. Ah, here it is now! I have it: two, fifty-two, three; no, the next page."

As he turned the leaf the book fell from his hand when he read the name of the ship which was to pursue him, for after the number was printed the name of the frigate: Undaunted, 36, Captain Richard Heathcote!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Drawings by ( ) Kleinschmidt

I FIRST saw Abraham Lincoln at the Republican National Convention of 1856, in which we were both delegates. It was the first national convention of the Republican party, made up largely of volunteer or self appointed delegates, and met in Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia, on the seventeenth of June. It was not my fortune to meet Lincoln personally at that time, and in the proceedings he took but little part; but his peculiar personality could not fail to attract the notice of all who saw him. He was six feet four inches tall, and his slender and angular frame, with his unusually long arms and legs, accentuated his height. He was evidently a favorite with the Western delegates, as he received the second highest vote for Vice President in that convention. William L Dayton, who was made the candidate with Fremont, received 259 votes, to 110 for Lincoln, and the next highest candidates were Banks, of Massachusetts, who received forty-six, and Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, who received forty-three.

Lincoln was naturally a modest and unobtrusive man, and the fact that he was a candidate for Vice President doubtless made him unheard on the floor of the convention. He was known by all who met him there as "Abe" Lincoln, a name given him by all his Western friends, but he had not then acquired a national reputation, and even those most intimately knowing him and most enthusiastic in struggling to advance him had little understanding of the great qualities he developed in his memorable contest with Douglas in 1858, and after his election to the Presidency. He had served only a single term in Congress, from which he retired in 1849, and the only recollection I had of him when I saw him at the convention was the speech he delivered in Congress during the Taylor campaign of 1848, that was used as a campaign document by the Whigs. He made few new acquaintances during his service as a delegate to the convention of 1856, and the movement to make him a candidate for Vice-President was regarded generally as intended chiefly or wholly as a compliment to a rising Whig champion of the West. I am quite sure that he left the Republican National Convention of 1856 with very little more national reputation than he brought to it

❧

I did not meet Lincoln personally until after his election to the Presidency. I attended the Chicago Convention of 1860 as Chairman of the State Committee along with Curtin, who was the candidate of the party for Governor, and in a humble way took an active part in preventing the nomination of Mr. Seward, who was preferred by a very large majority of the delegates. The two pivotal States in the battle of 1860 were Pennsylvania and Indiana, both of which elected a Governor in October, and as they voted in October, it was reasonably certain the nation would vote in November. Henry S. Lane was the Republican candidate for Governor in Indiana, and John D. Defrees was Chairman of the State Committee. The natural inquiry of the members of the convention who desired to win was, "Whose nomination can assure the success of Lane and Curtin in October?" With them defeated, the candidate of the Chicago convention was inevitably defeated in November, and both Lane and Curtin declared that if Seward was the candidate for President they must suffer defeat in October, in which they were supported by Defrees and myself, who were charged with the management of the campaign in those States

The Seward convention was thus compelled to take pause and yield to expediency. Indiana first declared for Lincoln, and Pennsylvania, after an animated contest, declared for Lincoln over Bates by only four majority, but that was enough. It settled Pennsylvania and Indiana in the line for Lincoln and accomplished his nomination.

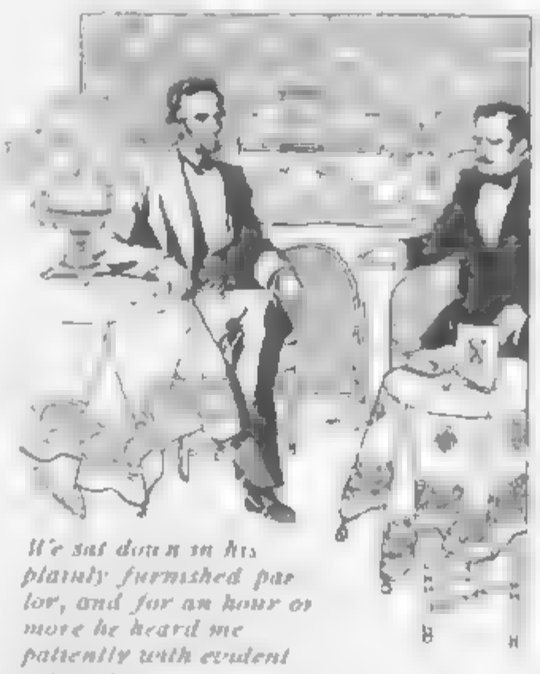
❧

I lost many things of great value in the destruction of my home in Chambersburg by the Confederate General McCausland in 1864, but the most valuable of all was my correspondence with Lincoln as Chairman of the committee during the campaign of 1860 Pennsylvania was the battle-ground, and he naturally tried to keep in close touch with it His letters were always kind and hopeful sometimes quaint, and always going directly to the point of winning the State. He communicated with me every week from the time I opened headquarters in this city early in June until after the election, and I prized more highly the Lincoln correspondence of that struggle than any of all the many valued letters I have ever received. I think it safe to say that he was as familiar with the details of the contest in Pennsylvania as I was myself, and knew every element of strength and every element of weakness in our lines. He was never enthusiastic or sentimental, but always thoroughly practicable, with occasional flashes of his exquisite Western humor

After such intercourse with Lincoln, lasting from the beginning to the close of the great battle of his life, I of course had formed what I supposed to be an intelligent and accurate estimate of the character and attributes of the man, but I never had a glimpse of the grandeur of Lincoln's character until I met him personally at his home in Springfield on the third of January, 1861. A contest over the appointment of Cameron to the Cabinet, in which I took part in opposition to Cameron made Lincoln telegraph me on the second of January to visit him at Springfield. I was then a member of the Senate; the Legislature was just about to meet, and I made as hurried a trip as possible. I reached Springfield about seven o'clock on the evening of the third, having telegraphed him in advance that I would arrive at that hour and must return at eleven. I went from the depot directly to his house, and when I rang the bell the door was opened by Lincoln himself, and I saw no other person during my stay.

I think I did not well conceal my disappointment when I stood before him in the dimly lighted hall looking up into the face of the new President. There was nothing in his appearance calculated to make a favorable impression at first sight. He was ill-clad, ungraceful in movement, and his rudely chiseled face, that was always sad in repose, clearly portrayed the fretting anxieties which his election to the Presidency to meet the severest trial of the Republic had brought upon him. He had then decided to appoint Cameron to the Cabinet, and he had sent for me to know whether there were good reasons for a change of judgment. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and for an hour or more he heard me patiently with evident interest. During this part of the conversation he said but little, but gave many incisive questions to be answered. He did not exhibit a single trace of humor, and it seemed to me most of the time as if I were making my appeal to a sphinx. He gave no sign whatever as to whether I impressed him or not, and when I left him I had not a single clue by which to judge what importance he had attached to my arguments, but before he retired that night he wrote a letter to Cameron revoking the appointment, and suggesting that Cameron should regard the position as tendered, and give a letter of declination.

In that letter, which can be found in Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, he uses this language: "You will say this comes of an interview with McClure, and this is partly but not wholly true." The result was that the position of Secretary of War was held open until Lincoln arrived in Washington, when Seward and Weed finally prevailed upon the President to give the position to Cameron. He advised me of his purpose after he had decided, and was much gratified for the assurance that no factional hostility would be made against either Cameron or the Administration Seward and Weed were much embittered at Curtin and Lane for defeating Seward at Chicago, and they dealt a retributive blow by securing the appointment of Cameron, as Cameron and Curtin were never in political accord after the bitter struggle they had for Senator in 1855.



He sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and for an hour or more he heard me patiently with evident interest

It was not until after the question of the Cabinet appointment was dismissed that I had an opportunity to see something of Lincoln as he was. It was my part to do the talking on the Cabinet issue; after that it was his part to talk, and he gradually developed all the great and grand qualities of his character. He was appalled at the prospect of civil war being the sequel of his election to the Presidency, and above all things he wanted peace if consistent with the line of duty. He fully appreciated that he was confronted by graver problems than had ever beset American statesmanship, and that he was compelled to meet the great issue of the threatened dismemberment of the Republic.

He was painfully and profoundly impressed with the fearful responsibility that devolved upon him, but the first great attribute of his character developed by this discussion, or rather by his statements of the situation, was his unswerving fidelity to duty regardless of all personal or political interests, and even

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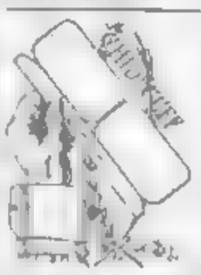

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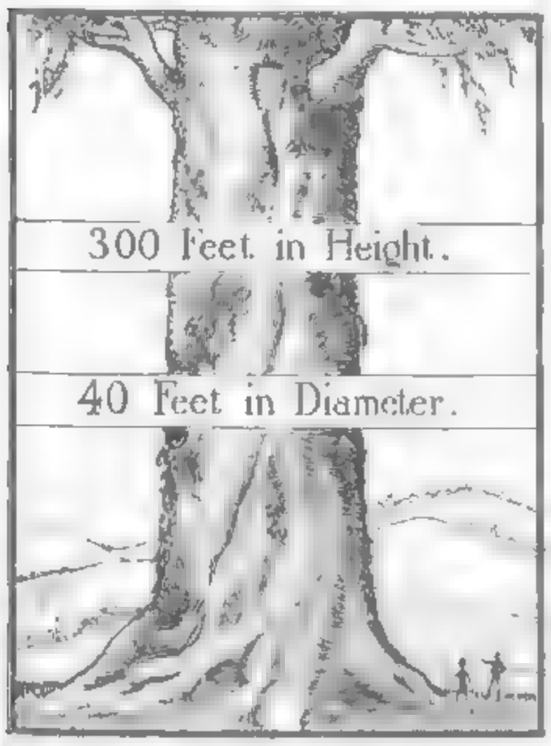
...

A Giant Among Trees



The Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree

may well be considered a giant among trees, rising, as it does, to the height of 300 feet, and measuring, in many instances, forty feet in diameter. The leaves are of a curious form unknown in this country. They are large, sickle-shaped, of a smooth, shining, bluish green color, thick and leathery. By holding the leaf to the light a number of little bright spots can be seen; these are the glands in which "Hyomei" is found. In Tasmania this tree is called the Fever Tree, as when planted in marshy districts it destroys the miasm. It does this, first, by emitting antiseptic odors from its leaves, and by its roots acting as a sponge and absorbing the water from the ground. Thousands of these young trees have been purchased by the English government and transplanted in India during the past five years, where they have almost completely neutralized the marshes.

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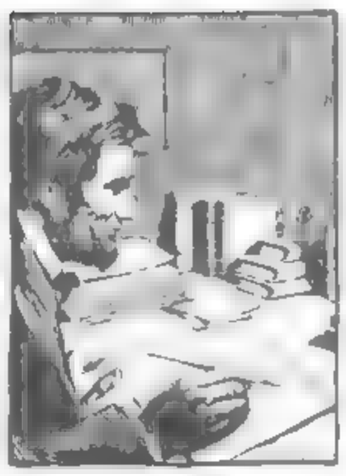


regardless of life itself. He well understood that armed rebellion was apparently inevitable, and that he must meet the most appalling peril that ever confronted our free government, and one for which neither the history of this Government nor of any other Government of the world furnished precedents to guide him in his course. The right of secession had been claimed and denied since the formation of the Constitution with almost equal ability and integrity, and there he was, crowned with the laurels of the highest trust of the civilized world, with the prospect of a nearly united South in rebellion, and the North divided—and intensely divided—as to the power of the Government to maintain the unity of the States by force. I heard Lincoln in this conversation but a short time before I discovered that he had but one purpose from which no interests could swerve him, and that was to perform his duty with fidelity and accept the consequences. He felt that as a Republican President he would owe it to his party to give it the advantages of power; yet he understood that the Government could not be maintained without the cooperation of the Democrats.

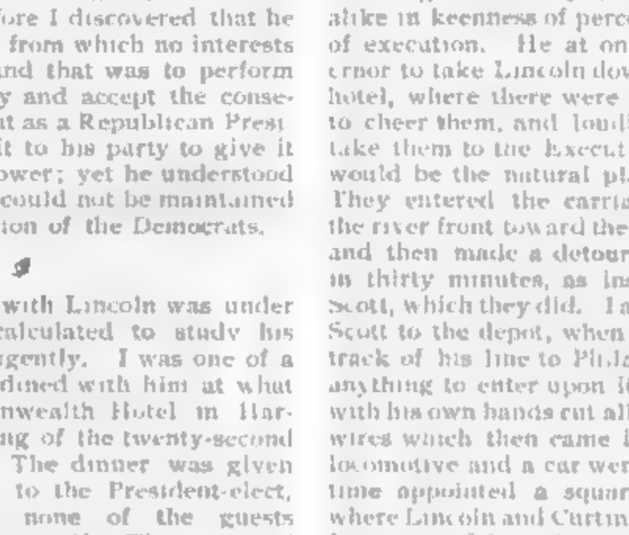
My next meeting with Lincoln was under circumstances well calculated to study his true character intelligently. I was one of a dozen or more who dined with him at what is now the Commonwealth Hotel in Harrisburg on the evening of the twenty-second of February, 1861. The dinner was given by Governor Curtin to the President-elect, and I believe that none of the guests is now living but myself. The story of Lincoln's sudden departure on the memorable midnight journey to Washington from Harrisburg on that night has been many times told, and in no instance with entire correctness. He arrived in Philadelphia on the evening of February 21, and the published program of his journey to Washington was from Philadelphia to Harrisburg on the twenty-second, and from Harrisburg to Washington by the Northern Central Railroad through Baltimore on the twenty-third. He was met in Philadelphia by Mr. Fenton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and by Pinkerton's detectives, who informed him that he could not pass through Baltimore according to his published program without inviting assassination that had been deliberately planned and the son of Senator Seward brought Lincoln a letter signed by Seward and General Scott, insisting that he should change his route, because he could not safely pass through Baltimore if the time of his coming were known.

He was earnestly urged to omit his Harrisburg appointment and take the eleven o'clock train from Philadelphia to Washington that night, but he peremptorily refused, and left the question to be determined at Harrisburg. He hoisted the flag on Independence Hall early on the morning of the twenty-second, and delivered an address that betrayed none of the serious emotions which must have agonized him at the time. He arrived at Harrisburg early in the afternoon, where I was one of the legislators to receive him, had a reception and delivered a brief address in the hall of the House, and soon after five o'clock he sat down to the dinner at the hotel as the guest of Governor Curtin, who was there advised by Colonel Lamon and Colonel Sumner of the information received in Philadelphia the night before, and of the necessity of considering the question of changing his route.

Dinner was hastily served, when the servants were cleared from the dining hall, and Governor Curtin stated the facts to the dining guests, and insisted that Lincoln's program should be changed. Every one present promptly responded in approval, and the only silent man at the table was Lincoln. I sat near enough to him to watch and study his face, and there was not a sign of agitation upon it, and when he was called upon to give his views it was at once made evident to all that he thought much more of commanding the respect and honor of the nation than of preserving his life. His answer was substantially, and I think exactly, in these words: "I cannot consent. What would the nation think of its President stealing into its capital like a thief in the night?" His voice was clear and distinct, and his cool and earnest manner made his expression painfully pathetic.

Fortunately, among the guests was the late Colonel Thomas A. Scott, and when Governor Curtin declared that the question was not one for Lincoln to decide, Colonel Scott at once proposed to take charge of the new program and send Lincoln back to Philadelphia on a special train in time to make the eleven o'clock from Broad and Prime Streets to Washington that night. Scott was a master alike in keenness of perception and swiftness of execution. He at once directed the Governor to take Lincoln down to the front of the hotel, where there were multitudes awaiting to cheer them, and loudly call a carriage to take them to the Executive Mansion, as that would be the natural place for them to go. They entered the carriage, drove up along the river front toward the Executive Mansion and then made a detour to reach the depot in thirty minutes, as instructed by Colonel Scott, which they did. I accompanied Colonel Scott to the depot, when he first cleared one track of his line to Philadelphia, forbidding anything to enter upon it until released, and with his own hands cut all of the few telegraph wires which then came into Harrisburg. A locomotive and a car were in readiness at the time appointed a square below the depot, where Lincoln and Curtin arrived with Colonel Lamon, and Lincoln and Lamon entered the car for their journey. When I shook hands with Lincoln and wished him God's protection on his journey, he was as cool and deliberate as ever in his life.

Every precaution had been taken to prevent the knowledge of a change in Lincoln's program being known to any who might possibly communicate by telegraph, and when the wires were all cut we felt assured that unless Lincoln should be accidentally detected in Philadelphia, none would know of his journey until he arrived at Washington. But one person in Philadelphia was advised of the movement, and he was Superintendent Kenney, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, still prominently connected with its service, who was instructed by Colonel Scott to meet Lincoln at the Pennsylvania depot and conduct him to the Broad and Prime station, beyond Superintendent Kenney no one outside of the few in Harrisburg who had arranged and started Lincoln on his journey had any knowledge of the change in his route.



He was received by Superintendent Kenney in a carriage, taken to the Broad and Prime station, where a section of a sleeping car had been engaged for him, entered it without attracting attention, and at six o'clock the next morning he was in Washington. We had a sleepless and a terribly long and anxious night at Harrisburg, but about six o'clock Colonel Scott reunited the wires in his railroad station, and received the dispatch: "Plums delivered Nuts safely," which announced the safe arrival of the President.

Lincoln always regretted that he had yielded to the importunities, or rather to the imperative command, of his friends and changed his route to make his midnight journey.

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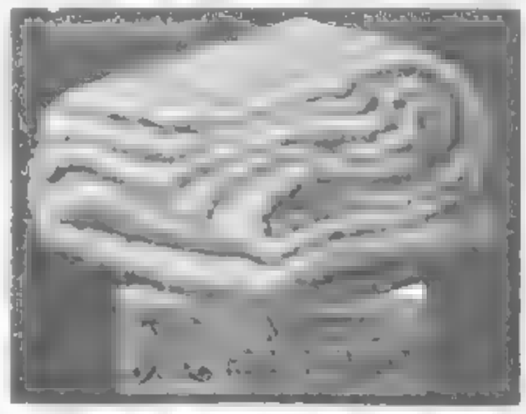

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A Tale of the Transvaal War

By Robert Barr

It is a remarkable thing that the moment our constant trouble with the Transvaal approaches a crisis there is always an interruption in the cable service between South Africa and England."—London Daily Paper

THE firm of Blumstein & Ikveldt, in "the city" (which phrase means the Wall Street of London), was so rich that it was almost respectable. There had been some years ago, strange rumors regarding the manner in which the two members of the firm had so suddenly accumulated their wealth, but these rumors died out in time, for it is well known that, be stockbrokers pure as snow and chaste as ice, there will be found some envious persons around the exchange who will speak ill of them. All stockbrokers—indeed all city men—are doubtless honest, if we could only get ourselves to believe it, and perhaps it is because they are so much more just than the rest of the world that the world calumniates them. They earn a humble living on percentages because wicked people speculate, and stockbrokers reluctantly accept the commissions forced upon them.

A few years ago Blumstein was a clerk in the office of John Sanders & Co., within a stone's throw of the Bank of England, and Ikveldt filled a similarly useful position a few doors farther down the street. The two young men were great friends and ate together every day at the same restaurant.

■

In the days when the Rand mines in the Transvaal were first booming, when fortunes were made and lost in an hour, the good old firm of John Sanders & Co. got on the wrong side of the market, which is a serious place to occupy when there are great fluctuations going on. It turned out later that the two young clerks happened to be on the right side of the market, although how they had acquired money enough to be on any side is a mystery to this day.

It is well known that Sanders attributed his downfall to Blumstein and Ikveldt, but his wild statements should not be allowed to prejudice any one against the young men, for when he was taken out of a first class railway carriage at Wimbledon, stone dead, the intelligent jury brought in a verdict to the effect that he had committed suicide while temporarily insane, so there is little use in paying much attention to the outpouring of wrath that an insane person leaves behind him. A ruined man usually blames others for the results of his own folly.

Some of the old man's friends thought it going a little too far when the sign went up: Blumstein & Ikveldt, late John Sanders & Co.," but there again, how can the young men be blamed? The office was suitable for their purposes, and suitable offices are not usually found within a stone's throw of the Bank of England. It happened, of course, that the rooms became vacant on account of the smash of the old firm, so what could be more proper than that the newest firm should step into dead men's shoes? Thus Blumstein argued in a somewhat aggrieved tone when any one spoke to him about the matter; he was very sorry indeed for the old man, and sorry that the firm came to grief, but the office was vacant when he wanted an office, and so he took it. Every sensible person admitted that this was a sensible thing to do. And so the new firm went on and prospered.

■

John Sanders had two sons, John, the elder, who represented the firm in South Africa, and Edward, the younger, who was calling the business in his father's office near the Bank. When Blumstein & Ikveldt took charge they had no further use for either of the two young men, and so discharged them. Blumstein said, quite properly, that it would have been hard for the sons to work as subordinates in a business they once expected to control, and thus the prompt dismissal had really motives of philanthropy beneath it. It was none of Blumstein's business what became of the sons, and so he made no inquiries, holding quite rightly that it is always best for young men to make their own way in the world, as he himself had done. It teaches them self reliance and that sort of thing. Besides, Blumstein was a person who believed in attending strictly to his own affairs, and as has been said, it was none of his business what became of them.

One day Blumstein received a cable message from Pretoria in the cipher of the firm, and the communication, being translated into English, said:

> "Cornwallis sails on Scot with important proposal. Will call immediately reaching office. Don't fail to see him."

Blumstein made a note on his pad to censure his correspondent for being so wasteful of money in cabling, and resolved to send this censure should the proposal turn out to be useless.

In due time the Scot arrived at Southampton, and the same afternoon a card was brought to Blumstein bearing the name "Henry Cornwallis," with the words written underneath in pencil, "From the Transvaal, introduced by cable."

"Show him in," said Mr. Blumstein, and

"I'm looking for the most unscrupulous firm in London"

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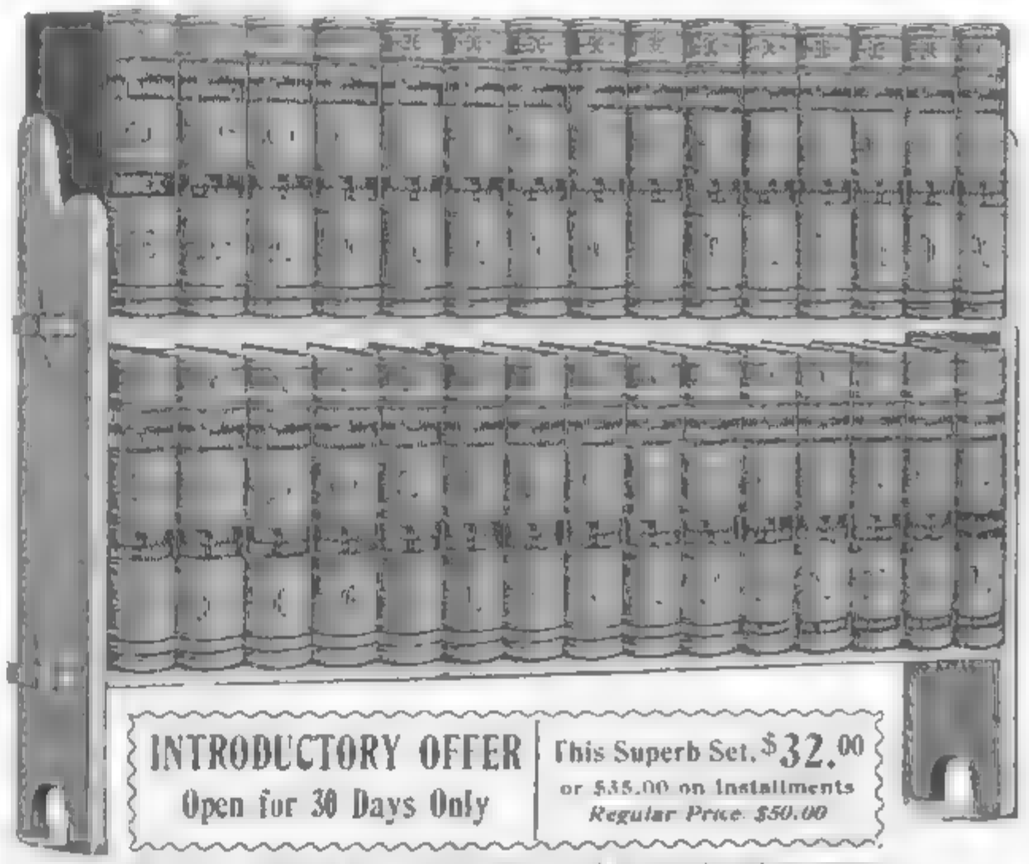

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personally a man as young as himself, but bearded like a brigand, was ushered into the private office. "Are you Mr. Blumstein, or Mr Ikveldt? My time is rather limited, and I can deal only with the principals."

'My name is Blumstein.'

'Very good. You are just the man I want to see. Now, right at the beginning so that no talk may be lost, I want to ask you if you can put up £200,000 in hard cash If you can't then there is no use of my saying any more; I shall have to go to some one else.'

"Well, that depends. It is a good deal of money

"Can you do it? That is the question."

"Oh, I suppose Mr. Ikveldt and myself might raise the money, if necessary.'

"Right. Then it is within your power to make anything from one million to fifty.'

"I have often heard talk like that before,"

"Cut it yourself! Don't you see I'm holding it?"

said young Blumstein cautiously. "What is your scheme?"

"There is going to be trouble in the Transvaal."

"Oh, there's always trouble in the Transvaal."

"But this time the trouble is serious. I know what I am talking about, for I have read the messages sent from London to Pretoria—Government messages, I mean."

"How did they come into your hands?" asked Blumstein suspiciously.

"For five years I have been at the Pretoria end of the cable to London."

"But Government cables are in cipher

"So are the cables to and from the firm of Blumstein & Ikveldt, yet I have deciphered them, and have in my possession all the communications that have passed between you and your agent since you began business here. The particulars of that South Rand deal, for instance, which didn't come off, you remember? including your own cable of July 14. The mention of the date will be enough to convince you I speak the truth, Mr. Blumstein."

"The deuce you say!" cried Mr Blumstein, sitting up suddenly with eyes opening more than usually wide. "Still," he added after a pause, "nothing came of that."

"No. That's what I said. I merely wished to show you that if I can decipher the cables of Blumstein & Ikveldt, I may perhaps be able to translate Government dispatches

"Then the cable from my agent regarding your visit——"

"Exactly. Just as you suspect. It was bogus. I sent it myself, so you see I am reasonably familiar with your office code My business was too important to intrust to any agent. As I said at the beginning, I deal only with principals."

Mr. Blumstein moistened his dry lips, then he said in husky tones

"What was your object in deciphering our cables? Blackmail?"

"Oh, bless you, no! Blackmail is too small and mean a business for big money to be made at it. I'm in for a fortune."

"Still you haven't told me why you tampered with our messages."

I didn't tamper with them. They went through all right. You may bet your last pair of boots that if I had tampered with your messages I could have ruined you long ago as you very well know I deciphered everybody's cables; I have a gift that way. I wanted to find out which was the most unscrupulous firm in London, for I knew the time would come when I could make my fortune by the help of such a firm."

"Then you honor us by thinking we are

"Quite so. I knew if there were millions to be got, you wouldn't hesitate, even if I were to demand a couple of hundred thousand as my share. That's what we're here for, isn't it? To make money?"

"I suppose so. What is your plan?

'There is in the harbor of Cape Town a fast and comfortable yacht. It will remain there until I get back, which will be by the next Cape steamer. The master of this supposed yacht is the modern equivalent of a pirate. He will go on a short cruise, and no questions asked, for the sum of £5000. I will take with me from London instruments for cabling, which differ from the ordinary land telegraphing machines. You will come with me, leaving your partner to watch things in London; or your partner will come, just as you choose. There must be some one on the spot down there who understands finance—who can tell me what to cable. We sail up the coast of Africa to a spot I know, where we will be free from interruption; we grapple for the cable, land it, cut it, and from that moment you control communication between the Transvaal and London. Whether you make one million or ten or fifty depends on how much money you have to play with, and how much courage you possess when I am doing the cabling. I telegraph to London, let us say, that the Raad and the President have declared war on England; that the forts around Johannesburg have opened fire on the town; that a stated number of Outlanders have been killed and the rest are helpless prisoners, and that sort of thing. I understand how to word it just right—not too exaggerated, you know. I can give the names of the killed, and will add that the President deplores the outbreak, and says to Europe that it is all the fault of the Outlanders, who tried treacherously to capture the forts, so what do you think the effect will be on Rand stocks? Why, you are well aware that there will be the greatest slump ever known in the city. Very good; then's the time to buy, I should say

■

"But suppose war really comes?"

"In that case it will merely mean holding on a little longer. The war will be short, and England will be in possession at the end of it. Then your stocks will be up in the skies. But, as a matter of fact, I know that there will be no war. Kruger will give way but he will do it so slowly that we shall have ample time for all our operations

"And your share in this?"

"Is to be £200,000"

"I am to pay this money when the deal is complete—when we get back to London

"When the deal is complete—yes. When we get back to London—no. The £200,000 is to be deposited in a bank and paid over to my brother, to whom I will give an order for it when you send your partner a code word that you both will agree upon.'

"But when the cable is cut what is to

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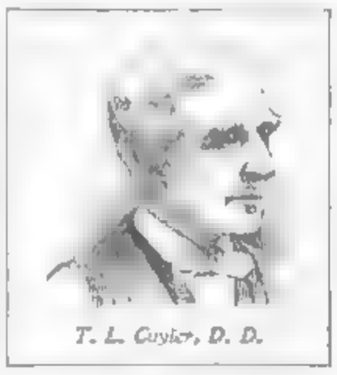

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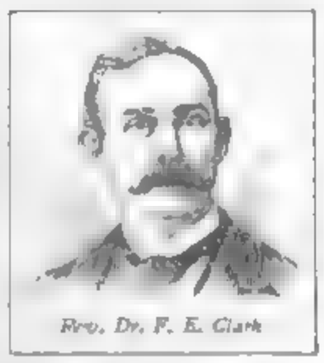

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During the coming year Miss WARNER's story, **"Fresh Air,"** will be completed This will be followed by a charming short story, **"The Shale Pickers,"** by MR. W EDGAR SIMPSON. **"Philip Desmond,"** a serial of absorbing interest, by CORA S. DAY, begins in November, 1899, and another new serial will be begun in the early fall of 1900.

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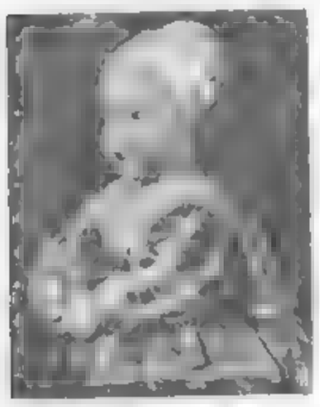

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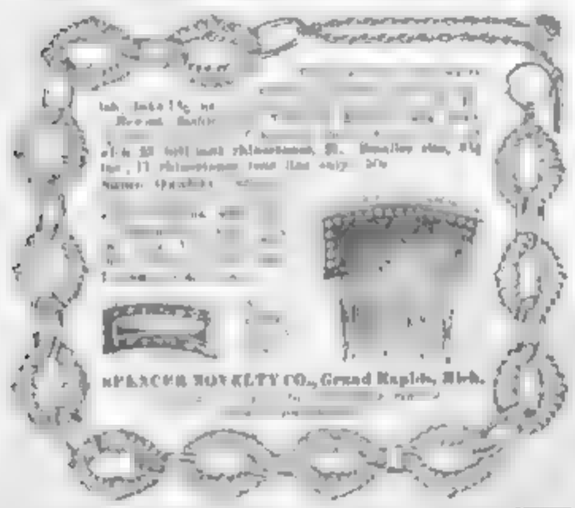

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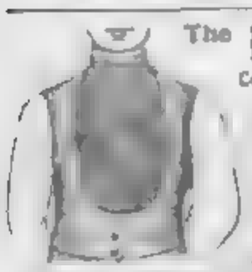

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prevent you sending that code and having the money paid over?"

"Simply because I won't know what the code word is."

"Well, suppose, on the other hand, that the money is not paid over to your brother, if I *do* send the code word?"

"I have arranged for that also. My brother is to send me a word which will indicate that the money is paid. You see, when the cable is cut I shall be in constant communication with London. It will perhaps be as well not to let them know that the wire is cut, as that might interfere with our plans. We will let any ordinary message pass through, but we will supply the political news ourselves. This will keep me rather busy at the instrument, but I'm used to it and have done it for years for less money than I hope to get this time."

"Well, I will have to talk over the scheme with my partner. Can you call at this hour [illegible]"

"Certainly. But your minds will have to be made up by then, for there is no time to be lost, and the offer will not be made to you a second time. There are others in this town who will jump at it."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Blumstein.

When the yacht swung out from Cape Town, Cornwallis took sharp charge of the expedition, and Mr. Blumstein found that he was expected to obey. They cast anchor in the lee of a promontory where Cornwallis said the cable passed, and under his direction a little hut was erected on the sands. Blumstein thought the telegraphing could be done from the yacht, but the operator said that was impossible. He needed a firm and stable foundation for his instruments. When everything was set up the cable was grappled for, found, and hauled inshore with some difficulty. The crew had been told that the voyage was for the purpose of repairing the cable. The long, snakelike, dripping rubber cord, festooned with seaweed, was hoisted up on a wooden block beside the hut, Cornwallis pulling harder than any of the sailors.

"Now, Blumstein," he cried, "take that ax and chop it in two."

"Can't one of the men do that?" objected Blumstein.

"The men and myself have to hold it in place. Do what I tell you."

"I'd rather have some one else cut the line," demurred the financier.

"Chop that cable," hissed Cornwallis in the ear of the hesitating man; "don't you see the men wondering at your delay? They will suspect something is wrong in a moment."

Blumstein, the sweat starting in great drops from his brow, for it is hot on the African coast, hacked away for some moments before the last strand was severed and the cable fell apart. Cornwallis, with great dexterity and little loss of time, joined the severed ends to wires he had brought with him, and then ran his wires into the hut, connecting them with the instruments already set up.

"There we are, Mr. Blumstein. We haven't interrupted communication for long. Do you want to know what they are talking about? They're having a blooming conference somewhere, old Kruger and the Governor of the Cape. We're just in time to set the world on fire, so perhaps you will now give me the code word to send to your partner, and then, the moment I find the money has been paid to my brother, I shall be ready to begin operations."

"That wasn't the bargain," said Blumstein. "The money was not to be paid until the deal was finished. Besides, we need that £200,000 to buy shares with. Do you think we're made of money?"

"Just as you say, Mr. Blumstein. No business is done over this line until that cash is paid. What a pity it is that you cut the cable, because if you hadn't we could have shoved it back into the sea, and no harm done. Now I'm afraid you have placed yourself within jeopardy of the law for no purpose. Shall we go home, then, and leave the cable company to make their own repairs? I didn't bring materials for mending, and besides, I fear I haven't the skill."

"But you are as much in this as I am."

"I don't think so. I didn't cut the cable, while you did, with your own fair hands, assisted by an ax. I have witnesses to that effect. You see, I'm a poor young operator looking for a job—at least, that is what I was when I met you. Poor, but honest. I had no idea what you were up to until you cut the cable, and proposed to me when the men returned to the yacht that I should send false dispatches. Then my indignant honesty was aroused and I refused as soon as your nefarious proposal was made known to me."

"Then you *are* a blackmailer, after all. But you shall make nothing of it; not a penny. What is to prevent me from shooting you dead where you stand?"

"Oh, a great deal, Mr. Blumstein. You haven't the courage, in the first place. You can lie and cheat and steal—all within the law, of course; you can round on your benefactor, and using the knowledge got in his employ, you can ruin him, yes, and murder him in the only way that your class has the pluck to murder. You see, I know your history."

Who the devil are you?"

"I am John Sanders, eldest son of the man you robbed. I've been waiting for you for years. I thought I had you on that July swindle, but, as you said, it did not come off, so I became impatient and laid this trap for you. You're not the first man who has been nipped in South Africa, are you?"

"I'll signal the boat, sail away and leave you here. The steamer is mine. I chartered her for this trip, and the Captain dare not refuse to obey my orders."

"My dear Blumstein, you talk like a child. The Captain can refuse any orders that are illegal. Is it likely that he is going to maroon me here because you tell him to? Your project is too absurd. The fact is, that you are helpless. My brother in London has all the evidence needed to convict you and your partner of a most rascally scheme to defraud the public—a scheme which involves the cutting of a submarine cable, and you should really have looked up the penalty for that sort of thing before you grasped the ax."

"No, I shall not cable any false news"

"But the plan was yours from the beginning."

"Oh, no, it wasn't. I'm the innocent, deluded, incorruptible young man, as I told you some time ago. Do you think you could persuade a judge and jury that I put you up to this? Then why did I round on you? Why did I not go in for the spoil? There was money to be made by keeping quiet and doing what you told me, and nothing to be gained by exposing you."

"But I will show that you are the son of the man I was said to have ruined, and I will show that you did this for revenge."

"But you have protested all along that you did not ruin my father. There is a statement to that effect in the files of the Financial Argus; don't you remember it?—A Vindication, I think it was called. Besides, no one would believe that I threw away a fortune in order to have a belated revenge on a man I had never seen before. But granting all that; granting that you could convict me as an accomplice before, after and during the act, how does that help *you?* You joined this piece of villainy with your eyes open. You voyaged to Cape Town and chartered this steamer at piratical rates. At the very worst they will believe that I repented in time to prevent a gross swindle, my better nature coming uppermost at the last. But you're into this up to the neck. You are an outlaw at the present moment."

"If I agree to have the money paid over to your brother you will then do what cabling

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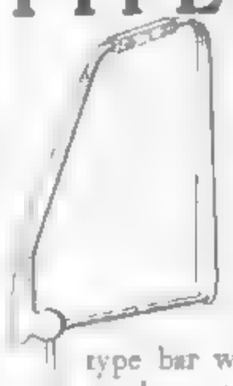

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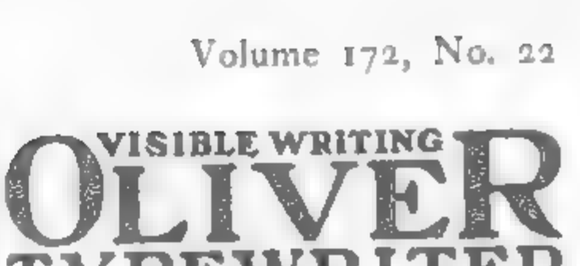

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I want you to do? You promised, you know"

"A man must not keep an illegal promise, Mr. Blumstein. No, I shall not cable any false news."

"Then you mean simply to rob me of this money, if you can. You talk of swindling the public, but you are determined to swindle me and my partner out of £200,000"

"It's all a question of terms, Mr. Blumstein, and if you like to call it swindling I don't mind in the least. You see, I've been a good part of my life in South Africa, where we are not so law-abiding, perhaps, as in England. England has such a respect for the law that as long as you got that amount out of my father under cover of the law, why, it was all right, although every one knew you for a cheat. I couldn't recover by process of law, so I took this method of getting back what should have belonged to my brother and myself. Now, Mr. Blumstein, are you going to have that money paid, or do you prefer to be arrested the moment you set foot on land—for I'll have the authorities watching for this steamer by a few words sent along this wire?

"I'll pay the money," said Mr. Blumstein. "What are you going to do about the cable?"

"Oh, there's nothing to do but just chafe the ends a bit and shove it back into the sea, hoping the company will imagine the rocks have cut it. It will do England and South Africa good if they are without news of each other for a few days. Give 'em time to cool."

"The cable between England and South Africa is again in working order. It is reported that there was a break off Point Briskey. It is rather surprising that these convenient breaks should occur just when they are most welcomed by the Transvaal"

—London Daily Paper.

Mrs. Riggs' Gratitude in Verse

DINNERS given by publishers to their favorite authors are not infrequent, but there are few instances in which prosperous writers have returned the compliment. One of the most notable cases of late years was the dinner given to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, in New York, on the occasion of the publication of Penelope's Progress. This feast was made memorable by the recitation by the author of the following poem composed expressly for the occasion:

Publication dinners now are somewhat out of style;
The publishers themselves believe its hardly worth the while
To feed a man whose books don't sell with food he cannot earn,
And as for the *successful* man, they plausibly affirm
That when they've paid a *fortune* down, they really do not feel
As though an author, gorged with gold, deserves an extra meal!
And so the jubilant young scribe who loves his latest book,
And longs to celebrate its birth by some means, hook or crook,
Invites his friends, leaves out his foes, and spreads the festal board
With flowers fair and viands rare (the which he can't afford)
And nothing does he grudge of this expenditure of wealth
Because it titillates his pride to have you drink his health.
But it is not *my* health to-night that I would have you drink,
Though 'twould be sweetest flattery to hear your glasses clink—
I toast the best of publishers an author ever had;
Their royalties are always good, when sales are not too bad
They never grow too rich themselves, nor fail and sell your plates
They always settle with you at the highest (author's) rates!
Their manner is as cordial when your last book fell below
The fifty-thousand-copy mark as if it were not so;
And if perchance a hundred thousand volumes have been sold
They never gush; are not surprised; your triumph they'd foretold.
So fill your glasses, raise them high, 'tis not a usual toast;
Poor publishers! the dish *they* get is commonly a "*roast*"!
Be true to Harper's, Scribner's, too, to Dodd & Mead also,
But for the moment pledge with me the Houghton-Mifflin Co.!

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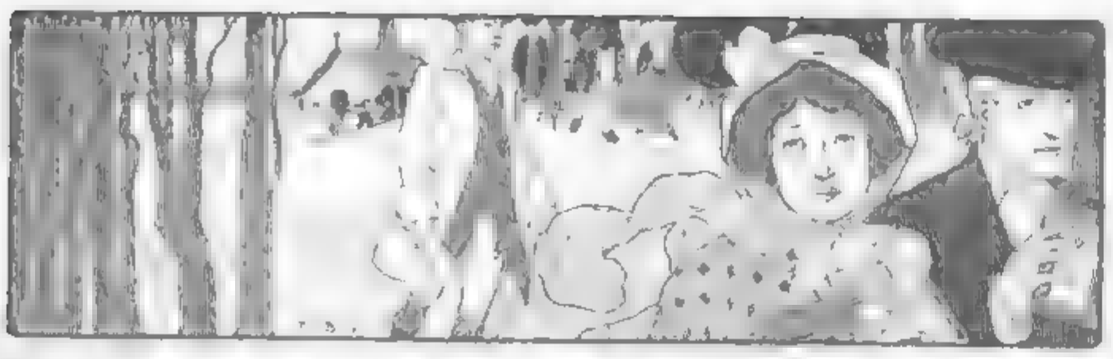

WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Fox-Woman *

MARUSHIDA, the Little, is a Japanese dwarf who lives alone in a garden of morning glories, and paints Satsuma vases all day long as his father and his grandfather and his great grandfather had done before him. Always, too, he paints the same subjects: the Sun Goddess rising from the blackness of night, and the Fox-Woman, the Vampire Goddess, who sucks the souls of men. Marushida is, as Mr. Arnold observed of Shelley, "extremely inflammable," which does not matter much so long as his only companions are morning-glories; but which matters a great deal when Yosakuji offers him his daughter, Jewel, in marriage. The dwarf loves Jewel at first sight, as Adam loved Eve, and for the same reason—she is the one woman he has met. Why Jewel loves Marushida is not so apparent; but she has a docile disposition and gives him obediently her little heart. Her husband paints her as the Sun Goddess, and they are happy.

Now, the strength of Eve's position lay in the enviable absence of rivals. No other woman has been so fortunate since. There comes to the garden of morning glories one day an American girl with purple eyes and red-gold hair, and Marushida, being inflammable, falls instantly in love with this tall "west ocean" stranger. She is not a nice American girl—not at all nice—but the dwarf doesn't know this, though the gentle propriety of his wife's behavior might have taught him to resent more fastidiously the insolent familiarity of the newcomer, who calls him "little Manikin," quotes the Psalm of Life, and insists on handling—and ruining—his vase. "I am an American girl," she announces, as though this justified as well as explained her conduct, "and American girls can do everything. I can model beautifully in clay, so there! Don't be so stuck up about yourself and your old painting."

This is the beginning of Marushida's degradation. He abandons his morning glories, his wife and his work and becomes the foolish slave of the ill-bred young woman who has fascinated him. He consents to being "modeled in clay" as a gargoyle, and to being roughly laughed at for his ugliness. He makes himself uglier still by wearing the hideous garments of Occidental civilization. He even becomes a Christian—or the travesty of one—because his beauty's father, the Rev. Joshua Carroway, is a "Free Evangelist" and her mother has a fancy for securing converts. Finally he sends his poor little weeping wife to be a servant in the missionary's house when the Imperious Miss Carroway demands her attendance. It is the story of Griselda over again, only more unpleasant: Griselda's husband was decent if disagreeable, and he didn't prate to his model wife about the blessings of her servitude. After the American vampire, the Fox-Woman, has vitiated the dwarf's soul, and made it as repulsive as his body, she goes away taking Jewel with her, and Marushida finishes his career by murdering his father-in-law, that being the only available crime he can commit. "I have always contended that the mission work was badly managed," says the Rev. Joshua Carroway, and readers of Mr. Long's book may agree with him.

A Widower and Some Spinsters †

IF WE don't know the spinsters of New England by this time, it is assuredly not for lack of stories about them. In fact, the common impression that New England is populated solely by spinsters is due to the prevalent form of fiction which presents this one class continually and microscopically to our consideration. We have penetrated with callous curiosity into their little secrets and sentimentalities and economies.

Miss Pool's stories are, as might be expected, mere sketches of spinsterhood, the few men who are casually introduced lacking interest and importance, just as the tales themselves lack form. That peculiar art which enabled Miss Wilkins to weave the most trifling of incidents into a perfect narrative—an art she has sacrificed to doubtful ambitions—is the rarest gift of the story-writer. Miss Pool tells us a great deal more about her characters than Miss Wilkins ever found it necessary to tell, yet we have a sense of incompleteness in the work. The spinsters are drawn with a firm, sure hand, but the little dramas in which they play their part seem painfully bald and haphazard. An honorable exception to this rule is "Miss Candish's Christmas Boy," the story of a woman who earns a scanty livelihood by stitching overalls, yet who adopts a baby boy for the sole pleasure of naming him Alva Adilva. In her youth, it appears, she had possessed, or fancied she had possessed, an admirer of the flabby type common in New England fiction who never solidify into husbands. This laggard in love had strayed far enough, however, along the sunny paths of dalliance to present Miss Candish with a book, which book the minister had seen upon her table and had unhesitatingly pronounced a novel—"or, if it wasn't a novel, it might as well be one." The hero of the romance was Count Alva Adilva, and she had never forgotten him. "Although he had been very dark, with a curled black mustache, and Ludo"—the admirer—"had been light with no mustache at all, the Count had constantly reminded her of Ludo. If she had married Ludo, and if she had had a son, she would have called him Alva Adilva." In default of this experience she casts economy to the winds and adopts a baby.

If the fiction of New England be true to life, then are the spinsters of New England sunk in a bottomless abyss of sentiment. Everything in this world is held valuable in proportion to its scarcity, and the absence of the New England man seems to have resulted in his apotheosis. It was the distance of Africa from Greece, remarks George Eliot, which encouraged Homer to speak of the "blameless Ethiop." —*Agnes Repplier.*

Jonathan Wild, Master Criminal *

WHEN George the First was King, and the eighteenth century was still young, there lived in London one of the most accomplished, versatile and successful rogues of all time. Jonathan Wild was no mere footpad of the tales of the road, here to-day, there to-morrow, and the nightly terror of the countryside; on the contrary, he was the more or less respected head of a large and lucrative criminal business, with central offices in a spacious house in the Old Bailey.

His enterprises were many and varied and he conducted them with as much business acumen as a great merchant displays in the profitable operation of a modern department store. First and foremost, Mr. Wild was assistant to the City Marshal, and in that position won the reputation of being an efficient officer; for his arm was long, and he sent to Tyburn Hill many a better man who happened to be his business rival or personal enemy. A considerable portion of his income was derived from a brokerage office which served as go-between betwixt his corps of house-breakers and highwaymen and such of their well-to-do victims as were willing to pay exorbitantly for the recovery of family

* The Fox Woman. By John Luther Long. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

† A Widower and Some Spinsters. By Maria Louise Pool. *Herbert S. Stone & Co.*

* When Rogues Fall Out. By Joseph Hatton. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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NOTES OF NEW BOOKS

Is it possible that Stevenson will be better remembered for his letters than his books? The New York Evening Post (speaking of the serial publication) says: "The final installment of STEVENSON'S LETTERS, in *Scribner's*, can but leave us wishing he had lived to write more of them. A few more like his best, and he might have been better remembered for his letters than his books." Now, more than one-half of these letters (comprising many of the best) have not been read by the reviewer in The Evening Post, they having been reserved for first publication in the book form. (2 vols. 8vo, illustrated, $5.00 net.)

Donald G. Mitchell is the dean of American Letters, hence his new volume of American Lands and Letters, "LEATHER STOCKING TO POE'S RAVEN," possesses a peculiar interest. For Mr. Mitchell knew personally many of the authors he has written about, and he has brought to his new book the same grace and charm which marks all his work, from "Dream Life" down the long half-century of authorship to his new volume of personal recollections of American Authors. (With 150 illus. 8vo, $2.50)

To that "out-of-door classic" "Little Rivers" Dr. van Dyke has added a companion volume in "FISHERMAN'S LUCK." It has the same breeziness of style, the same charm of nature. The rippling of the brooks, the glinting of the sunshine, the very essence of the woods, seem very real about one as one reads these pleasant piscatorial essays. (Illus. Crown 8vo, $2.00.)

"THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG" is the title of the new book by the artist-author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," which is now in its twenty-fifth thousand. The new book is a story of the chase, full of poetry and a knowledge of animal life and instinct that is little short of marvellous. It has pictures by the author. (Square 8vo, $1.50.)

Paul B. Du Chaillu, the eminent traveler, has written a new book, "THE LAND OF THE LONG NIGHT." It tells of the author's trip to the extreme North. The narrative moves swiftly and is marked by great buoyancy of spirits, having all the qualities of adventurous autobiography. The illustrations are numerous and animated. (Square 12mo, $2.00.)

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plate, treasured jewelry or private papers, Master Wild also maintained a staff of pick pockets and blackmailers, a smuggling craft, and a retinue of false witnesses who could, at his bidding, convict or acquit any poor wretch who chanced to be haled before the assizes. That his art might not die with him, he instructed the young in the crafts of those who prey upon their fellows. Fagin's school for little pickpockets was a mere kindergarten of evil-doing; Wild's establishment was a university, with a broad curriculum and complete facilities for preparing its students for a wide field of criminal activity.

Master Wild is the central figure in Mr. Hatton's very entertaining story, When Rogues Fall Out. About him are grouped notorious Jack Sheppard, Blueskin, Captain Avery, Bill Horton, and half a dozen lesser villains whose names have been handed down in the Newgate Calendar and in successive books of rascals. A slender love story runs through Mr. Hatton's volume; but it is Jonathan Wild and not the young lover and "rightful heir" who claims the greater share of the reader's interest.

—*F. S. Bigelow.*

A New Society Novelist.—One of the latest recruits from society among the army of book-writers is Mrs. James Belden, wife of the millionaire Congressman from Syracuse, New York. Mrs. Belden is young and pretty, and it is needless to say that she writes for the pleasure of it rather than the profit. Her latest novel, The King's Ward, has been favorably received by the press.

"Side-Line" Men of Letters.—Government service in England is no bar to successful literary work. Three of the best-known writers of the moment are employed in various Government offices in London. Maurice Hewlett, author of The Forest Lovers and Little Novels in Italy, served a long apprenticeship in the London Record office. Here he became an authority on Norman French. Recently he succeeded his father in the Land Revenue Record office where he is still employed. James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, is Mr. Hewlett's uncle.

Frank T. Bullen, author of the Cruise of the Cachelot and Idyls of the Sea, after a young manhood spent on whalers, joined the Government forces in the London Meteorological office, and amid barometers, hydrometers and almost every kind of meter save those that poets use, he planned the books that have given him fame.

The third instance is that of W. W. Jacobs, author of Many Cargoes. Mr. Jacobs, who is thirty-six years old, has been a clerk in the London Post-Office Savings Bank for more than twenty years. His work led him directly into story-writing. His first story was written for a post office magazine called Blackfriars. It was not paid for. The tale made such a favorable impression that other contributions were requested, and at length Mr. Jacobs was induced to send a story to a weekly paper.

He soon became popular, and the stories which comprise Many Cargoes were contributed to various London newspapers and magazines and afterward collected between covers. Mr. Jacobs got his inspiration for his sea tales from a youthful residence at Wapping, where his father was a wharfinger.

Glimpses of New Books

IN GUIANA WILDS, described in its subtitle as a study of two women, is a curious psychological story of a young Scotchman, who, living aloof from his own kind, becomes decivilized and takes to himself a native wife. The author, Mr. James Rodway, has lived among the Indians of Guiana and has acquired a first-hand knowledge of their curious customs. *L. C. Page & Co.*

Henry in the War is the title of a bright, healthful story for boys by General O. O. Howard. The author's aim has been to tell the main events of the Civil War in a form attractive to young people. *Lee & Shepard.*

The Apostle of the North is the title given by Egerton R. Young to an excellent biography of the Rev. John Evans, the famous missionary to the Indians of Lower Canada and the Lake Superior region. *Fleming H. Revell Company.*

Michael Rolf is the title of a pleasant story of English country life, of which one of the central figures is a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, who has become a governess in the family of a green-grocer. Mary L. Pendered is the author. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The Funny Side of Politics, by George S. Hilton, is a large and varied collection of clever and witty excerpts from the speeches of statesmen and politicians in Congress and on the stump, with many pages of political anecdote. *G. W. Dillingham & Co.*

The Poetry of American Wit and Humor, as its title implies, is a compilation of several hundred of the best specimens of the humorous verse written on this side of the water. It contains scores of familiar poems and many more recent favorites. R. L. Paget is the compiler. *L. C. Page & Co.*

Mr. Lewis Strang, dramatic editor of the Boston Journal, in a neat little volume entitled Famous Actresses, gives personal sketches of more than thirty of the best-known women on the American stage. *L. C. Page & Co.*

In Legend Led, a study of child life, Miss Le Feuvre makes a plea for the efficacy of imaginative appeal to the sensitive child. Gubbins, the near-sighted and good hearted governess, reads to her three charges Tennyson's Idyls of the King. The Legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail, its supernal beauty visible to none but pure eyes, makes a deep impression upon the little girl, and her steadfast devotion at last enlists the sympathies of her somewhat truculent young brothers. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

The Stepmother, by Mrs. Alexander, is a reversal of the traditionary plot, whereby the second wife is the means of joining the estranged son and father. It gives opportunity for situations where one would deem the heroine more lovable, if less admirable, had she been more human. However, since everything ends happily, both Mrs. Alexander and her heroine can well afford to laugh at us. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

For the Sake of the Duchess is one of S. Walkey's brisk, exciting romances of the same general type as A Gentleman of France. It is full of fighting and love-making, and the intrigues of court and cardinal. *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

Frances Aymer Mathews, author of A Married Man, confesses in a prefatory note that her novel is a problem book. The amusing of the married is its major theme. *Rand, McNally & Co.*

The Treasure of Mushroom Rock is the story of some boy prospectors who met with various thrilling adventures and are finally rewarded by a rich find. Sedford F. Hamp is the author. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The Voyage of the Avenger is an absorbing tale of adventures on the high seas during the last years of the sixteenth century. Mutineers and buccaneers, savages, galleons and adventurers pass in panorama through its pages. *L. C. Page & Co.*

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Drawing by Phil May, illustrating "The East End of London," by Sir Walter Besant, begun in the December CENTURY MAGAZINE

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An important feature of the number is the first of a series of articles by Sir Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," on "Life in the East End of London," with pictures by Joseph Pennell and Phil May. In this first article Sir Walter takes a single creature out of the two millions in East London, and shows her young life in childhood and maidenhood.

In February will begin a series of articles by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street," describing "The Paris of To-day," with illustrations by André Castaigne, whose pictures are now attracting wide attention.

This Christmas CENTURY contains the second installment of

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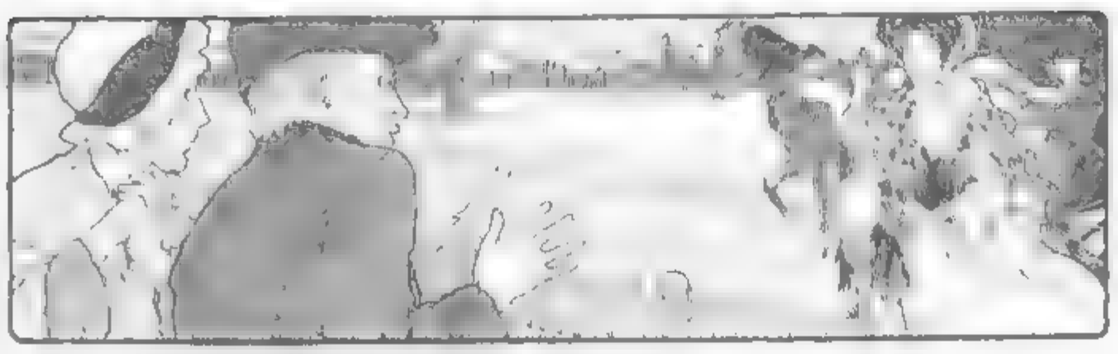
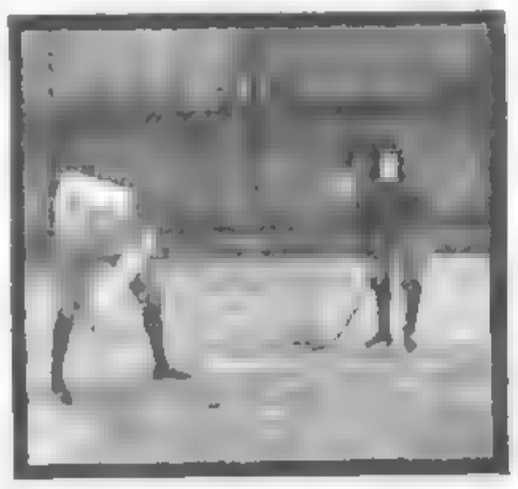


Ice-Hockey as an American SPORT

By J. Parmly Paret

IMPORTED sports seldom thrive under foreign conditions, but this has not been the case with ice-hockey. Although of comparatively recent ... one was directly introduced into American cities from across the Canadian border, where in the province of the Dominion it has had its greatest success. In reality, Canada was its native ..., the game being an invention of the Canucks, though their English forefathers long played hockey, a somewhat similar game, which is really the parent stock. The



TRYING A "SHOOT" FOR GOAL

latter, however, is played on the ground, with fifteen men on each side, and is perhaps better known to the American youth by the familiar name of "shinny." Few of the sport loving countries have such ... severe winters as have the Canadians, and it is not surprising that they should be the first to adopt ice sports.

With some minor alterations, necessary to make the game available for skaters, hockey is the same sport as the good old shinny of our boyhood days. First of all, a "puck" of solid vulcanized rubber, three inches in diameter and one inch thick, has been substituted for the old ball or shinny stick. Then the number of men which composes a team has been reduced to seven on each side, and the field of play cut down to the more restricted area of skating pond or ice-rink. Here and there a few rules have been borrowed from other games, the most important of which is the "off side" rule from American football.

In a general way, ice-hockey resembles lacrosse more than any other sport, and the two have the same origin, both games being imported from Canada. Perhaps the fact that lacrosse was derived originally from the Canadian Indians, instead of the English, accounts for its really rough features. But certainly this roughness is what sounded its death knell in our country.

SOME EVILS TO BE CORRECTED

The requirements of these two sports are so nearly alike and their seasons of play so widely different that many men have excelled in both. The natural result of this has been the introduction on the ice of the same rough methods which proved so successful in lacrosse, only to kill the game for the better class of its players. The Indian lacrosse players were simply brutal in their play, and as the Canadians picked up their roughness, the contagion soon spread to the ice-hockey players. Following the introduction of the winter sport into the United States came the Canadian experts, and with them the dreaded roughness. Already a popular outcry has been made against the threatened evil.

This, however, must not be considered as a general arraignment of Canadian skill at ice-hockey, for it would seem to those who have watched both classes that the rougher Canadians are not the most expert. When the famous Victoria and Shamrock teams from Montreal visited American rinks last season they outplayed the home-bred talent by their skillful dodging and superiority in handling the puck, rather than by rougher play. In Canada the game has such ... popular with the sport loving Canucks that semi-professionalism has crept in amongst the players. Many of the most expert of these so-called amateurs earn their living by their skill at the game, making it more of a business than a pastime. Several of these men have secured positions on the leading American teams, and it is through them that the dreaded roughness has been imported into American rinks.

MASS PLAYS AND OPEN FORMATIONS ON ICE

The game itself is very severe on the players, and an exciting one for spectators to watch. While the play lasts only for hour at a time, the players, particularly the forwards, are in constant motion every moment, and the physical exertion—and, at times, even exhaustion—of these men is very severe. Once the puck is in possession of the forwards it is their work to push it down to their opponents' goal, and then begins the most exciting struggle of attack and advance that the game produces. The "off side" rule prevents a player from passing the puck forward, or rather it prevents another player from touching it after it has been passed forward, until he has been put "on side" by the puck's being touched by one of the opponents. The forwards are therefore required to gather in close to the opponents' goal, dodging the defenders of the other team and passing the rubber disk from one to another until an opening occurs to "shoot" for a goal.

The primary defense consists of the goal-tender, the point and the cover-point. These three gather in front of their opponents as soon as the goal is threatened and prepare to block the opening with their hockey-sticks and skates. The goal posts are six feet apart, but the players are not permitted to lie down upon the ice, and the only way in which their opponents can be prevented from scoring is by stopping the puck as it skims along the ice. However, it is no easy task to "shoot" a goal, even though the aim be true and the attacking party unobstructed in the attempt

A CLOSE SCRIMMAGE AROUND THE PUCK

by the opposing forwards, for with so many skates and sticks massed in front of the goal posts, nine times out of ten the puck is stopped by the defenders and the attempt fails.

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cover-point never join in the attack, being kept in reserve for defense in case a sudden change of fortune shifts the attack to the other side, there are only four men attacking the goal and seven mustered in its defense. This accounts for the small size of the score in close games. With most of the fourteen players gathered at one corner of the ice, however, the "scrimmage" frequently becomes very close and the play extremely exciting both for the players and spectators.

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The method of advancing the puck when once it has come into possession of the forwards is to hurry down the rink in company front, so to speak—that is, with all four in a row spread out across the rink. One of the forwards "dribbles" the puck along the ice until an opponent confronts him; then he passes it to his nearest partner who is uncovered, and thus the four players keep the disk away from the opponents. In following a player with the puck, one of the most ingenious tricks an expert uses to steal it away is to lift the opponent's hockey-stick with the end of his own just as the other is about to push the puck along. If this trick is successful, the leader skates on past the disk and it

FORWARD DRIBBLING THE PUCK

immediately falls into possession of the opponent who has been following him, thus reversing the campaign of attack and defense.

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Ice-hockey has flourished most on this side of the Dominion border in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis and Boston, but it has quickly become popular wherever artificial ice-rinks have been built, and in the most northern of our cities the game has been played a great deal in a less systematic manner on the natural ice-ponds. The Eastern colleges have taken it up extensively, and Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia and Brown formed an Intercollegiate Ice-Hockey League last season which furnished some of the most interesting games of the year.

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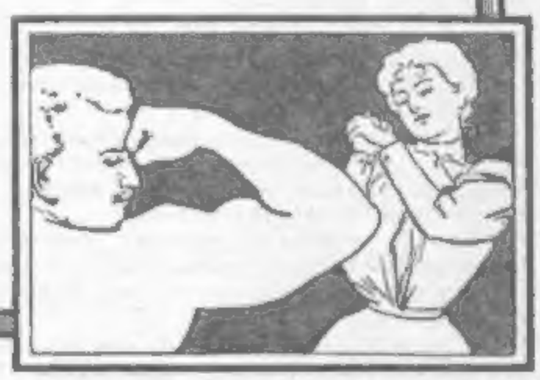

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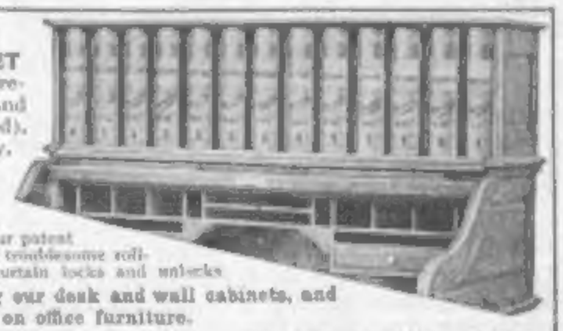

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THE HUNTER

(Concluded from Page 419)

"I am going home," she said coldly.

She turned away, moving two or three paces, then the next step was less hasty, and the next was slower still. As he joined her she looked startled, then bent her head.

"Miss Jocelyn," he said abruptly, "have you ever heard your father say that my father treated him harshly?" She stopped short beside him. "Have you?" he repeated.

"I think," she said scornfully, "your father can answer that question."

"If he could," said Gordon, "I would ask him. He is dead."

She was listening to him with face half averted, but now she met his eyes again.

"Will you answer my question?" he said.

"No, not if he is dead."

"I beg you, Miss Jocelyn, to answer me. I beg you will answer for your father's sake and—in justice to my father's son."

"What do you care?" she began, but stopped short. She saw he did care. Suddenly she pitied him. "There was a promise broken."

"What else?"

"A man's spirit."

As they reached the edge of the woods he looked up at her and she stopped. "Will you have me for a guest?" he said suddenly.

"A guest?" she faltered.

"Yes, a guest. It is Thanksgiving Day, Miss Jocelyn. Will you and your father forget old quarrels—and perhaps forgive?"

"I? Yes," she said, startled.

"Then," he went on smiling, "you must invite me to be your guest. When I look at that partridge, Miss Jocelyn, hunger makes me shameless."

Her sensitive lips trembled into a smile.

"Are you really coming?" she asked.

Something in her eyes held his, then he answered with heightened color, "I am very serious, Miss Jocelyn. May I come?"

She said "Yes" under her breath. There was color enough in her lips and cheeks now.

So young Gordon went away across the hills, whistling his dogs cheerily on, the sunlight glimmering on the slanting barrels of his gun.

All the afternoon the girl was busy in the kitchen, and when the shadows lengthened across the purple hills she stood at the door, brown eyes searching the northern slope.

She had dressed in her graduating gown—a flimsy bit of mousseline and ribbon. Her dark, soft hair was gathered simply; a bunch of blue gentian glimmered at her belt.

Later, as she lingered over the table, she heard Gordon's step on the porch, and the next instant her father came down into the dining-room just as Gordon entered.

The old man halted, eyes ablaze. But Gordon came forward gravely, saying, "I asked Miss Jocelyn if I might come as your guest to-night. It would have been a lonely Thanksgiving at home."

Jocelyn turned to his daughter in silence.

"I hope," said Gordon, "that old quarrels will be forgotten and old scores wiped out. I am sorry I spoke as I did this morning. You are quite right, Mr. Jocelyn; the land is yours and always has been yours."

Jocelyn eyed him grimly.

"Don't make it hard for me," said Gordon. "The land is yours, and that also which you lost with it will be returned. It is what my father wishes—now."

He held out his hand. Jocelyn took it.

Gordon, still holding his hard hand, drew him outside to the porch.

"How much did you have in the Sagamore and Wyandotte Railway?" asked Gordon.

"All I had—seven thousand dollars——"

"That is yours still," said Gordon gently, "with interest. My father wishes it."

Old man Jocelyn looked up at the stars.

"Come," said Gordon gayly, "we are brother sportsmen now—and that sky means a black frost and a flight. Will you invite me to shoot over the swales to-morrow?"

As he spoke, high in the starlight a dark shadow passed, beating the still air with rapid wings. It was a woodcock, the first flight bird from the north.

"Come to dinner, young man," said Jocelyn, excited; "the flight is on and we must be on Brier Brook by daybreak."

In the blaze of a lamp they sat down at table. Gordon looked across at Jocelyn's daughter; her eyes met his, and they smiled.

Then old man Jocelyn bent his head.

"Lord," he said tremulously, "it being Thanksgiving I gave Thee extry thanks this A. M. It being now P. M. I do hereby double them extry thanks with interest to date. Amen."

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THANKSGIVING AT CRAWFISH BAYOU

(Concluded from Page 426)

edible fragments upon it. Indeed, but for the melon-rind, a few chicken bones and crawfish heads, it would have held no hint of its character.

The children had not been consciously unsatisfied, not having the habit of eating to fullness and being somewhat deceived by the ocular proof that they had devoured everything in sight, but the avidity with which they made away with the slice of pie and the orange and banana that found their way from the visitors' baskets to their plates told rather a pitiful story. There were other things in the baskets, a few of which found new owners around the table, and some of which were reserved for the sick woman.

The visitors were evidently surprised to find any celebration of the day in the cabin, and, indeed, they had feared that Jane might be in bed, and had brought some wine for her. For a time they were quite mystified by the whole affair, which was altogether out of keeping with the woman as they knew her, but when the whole story finally came out, told by the lot, one supplementing another and adding corrections here and there until nothing was forgotten—from the talk in the moonlight the night before to the grace at table—they understood; and after they had talked until it was growing late, during which time Jane had continued to sleep, one of the ladies, thinking to revive her, proposed taking her a glass of wine. She remained some minutes in the room before she called one of her companions, and in a little while the two summoned a third to come in, and when the children followed, one of them turned back and led them out into the open before the hut. The days are short in November, and at five o'clock the stars were out, faint, but thick as diamond dust in the blue above crawfish cabin.

In a little while two of the ladies joined the group, the other having stepped out on an errand, and they sat together, the children fetching chairs for them and preferring themselves to sit upon the grass.

Invited to repeat the Thanksgiving story, they went over it all again from the beginning, even to the way their mammy had looked and done when she spoke of going up to where the stars were.

It was for this that their friends led them on, hoping to find it easy to tell them how things were. Looking into the very sky whose peaceful, star-lit face had invited her tired spirit, it would seem as though it ought to have been easy to tell her little ones that she might even now be there looking down upon them, happy and at rest. But these things are never easy.

It was late, and the bayou road was dark when finally the black-gowned lady had courage to say that she wanted the children to go home with her to-night, but when the words were once spoken the rest was simple enough. Jane had not had a drop of stupid blood in her body, nor was a child of hers slow of comprehension.

A single suspicious change of glances would have been followed by a stampede but for restraining arms.

Tears and wails are Nature's own vent for the sorrows of childhood, and when Jane's orphaned brood had wept their eyes dry they were able, even on this first night, while they walked beside their new friends and nervously clutched their hands, to look with them into the star-country and to wonder what it might mean to the guest who had just come in.

"Peace — rest — freedom"—all these she had spoken of—these "and the face of the Father."

"But I spec' dat *right now* she ain't studyin' 'bout nothin' but rest," said little Jane, the second daughter. "I reckon she'll be mighty 'stonished when she wecks up on de mansion-bed, arter layin' down in all 'er workin' clo'es on dat old cabin cot."

"An' when she wecks up ag'in, what yo' reckon she'll study 'bout fus'?" This was little Jake's question.

"I *know* what she'll study 'bout fus'. I don' think nothin' 't all 'bout it," said Calline, the oldest girl. "De fus' thing she'll do'll be to look roun' to see how we-all gittin' along, an' when she don' see us I spec' she'll sen' a angel to hunt fer us—she'll sen' daddy, caze he'll know us—an' when he tells her dat we's wid de frock lady she'll say 'dat's all right, *an' now, gimme freedom.*' Dat what she'll say."

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